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GATHERING SNOW-DROPS.

Now past away is wintry night,
Comes back again the sunshine bright,
The golden flow of ruddy light—
And birds are on the wing;
The breaking buds are growing red,
And purple turns the violet bed,
The yellow primrose shows its head
In bright and early spring.

Keen is the air, the ponds still freeze,
The tangled branches on the trees
Still bare to shudder 'neath the breeze,
Though merry mortals sing;
While foremost in the floral race
The modest snow-drop shows its face,
And purely, sweetly takes its place
As first-born child of spring.

Then bright-eyed maidens, young and fair,
The snowy blossoms cull with care,
To twine them in their jetty hair,
While merry voices ring:
For what think they of care or grief,
Of winter's chill or autumn's leaf,
That life is sometimes sad and brief?—
With them 'tis ever spring!

Though seasons quickly come and go,
Great joys are theirs, few cares they know;
And heed not—it were better so—
What summer days may bring.
Laugh on, fair girls! and often stay
To pluck sweet blossoms on your way,
And gather snow-drops while you may—
For 'tis not always spring!

"SWEET HOME."

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
When perfect love and peace are found
Within it, shedding joy and grace
To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

When heart to heart and hand to hand
Are closely linked by silken chains;
Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
The hopes, the pleasures, and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit;
Where honest eyes without disguise
Look straight into the eyes they meet.

Where Manhood, Infancy, and Age,
With simple faith and earnest trust,
In lowly reverence hear the page
In which 'tis written "Be ye just."

Where words that preach "Good-will to all,"
And widely herald "peace on earth,"
Are heard in gentle tones to fall
Like music of seraphic birth;

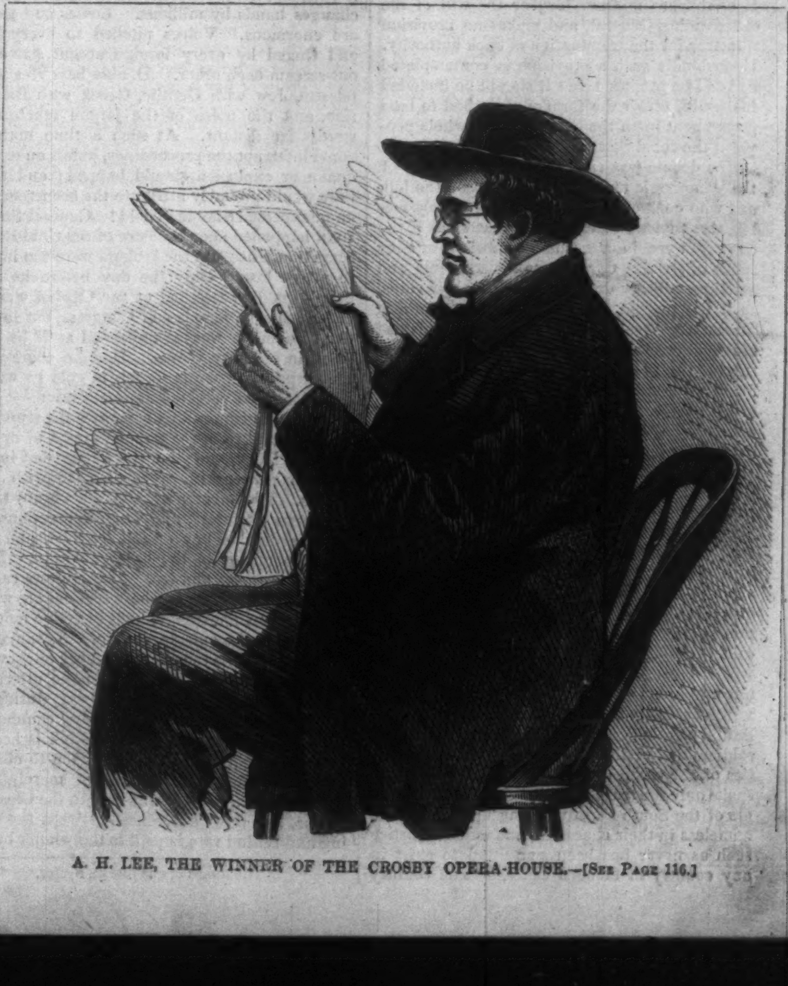
Where the rich flower of Conduct blows
From the pure bud of Christian Thought;
And living practice daily throws
Truth's halo round the precept taught;

Where merry song and harmless jest
At festal tide are heard to blend;
Where "welcome" greets the stranger-guest,
And "loud rejoicing" hails the friend.

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
Where "Home" is all that "Home" *should* be:
And Man, despite his fallen race,
Some trace of Eden still can see.

"SWEET HOME."

GATHERING SNOW-DROPS.



A. H. LEE, THE WINNER OF THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.—[See Page 116.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 23, 1867.

OUR PRESENT DUTY.

THE report made to a distinguished General by his inspecting officer in Texas, that if he owned hell and Texas, he should prefer to live in hell, is but a forcible way of telling a truth which is not limited to Texas. General Sheridan states in his report, that the protection afforded to the freedmen by the civil courts in his department is a farce. The New Orleans Investigating Committee report, that "the condition of things existing there can not continue consistently with the safety, security, or peace of loyal men." Our national duty is plain. The "first office of a government is the protection of the life, liberty, and property of its faithful citizens; and unless the people of the United States mean that loyal men in the late rebel States shall be outraged and murdered without redress they must provide for the present ample military protection for them."

That the United States uniform should be disagreeable to the late rebels is not surprising. That military officers in New Orleans and elsewhere should be invited to but a few houses, and to them only upon condition that they do not appear as officers, is to be expected. That a gentleman who the next morning received his pardon from the President as a "good Union man," should leave the theatre because, as he said, there was "rather too much stars and stripes" for him in the neighborhood of the Lieutenant-General and General Sheridan is natural. But the spirit which shows itself in this steady hostility, even in the very cities where head-quarters are established, runs riot in the remoter districts.

When Union men from the North, established in business in New Orleans, are returning because of the plain personal peril of remaining; when Southern Union men, white and black, are outlawed, tortured, and massacred, with no remedy but courts in which their rebel enemies are their judges and juries; when a General of the army in Texas is obliged to draw his revolver for his protection in a railroad car; when legislatures and courts and the entire civil machinery are controlled by rebels, there is but one alternative—the authority of the Government to protect citizens must be altogether abandoned in that region, or it must be enforced by the military arm until there is such a thorough reorganization of civil administration that life, liberty, and property are again uniformly safe.

Experience having shown that the civil governments erected by the President without the least authority have utterly failed to fulfill the first function of a civil government, it has become necessary to establish other governments upon a different principle. But while the preliminary steps are taking the people must have protection against the existing governments, and this can be given only by military authority. This is the precise intention of the bill reported by Mr. Stevens from the Reconstruction Committee. Yet by itself the bill is incomplete. It establishes military law, or the will of the commanding General, and makes no provision whatever for the termination of such authority. Undoubtedly such a provision is contemplated and will be proposed, but it should be included in the bill, under the form of a method to base government upon the consent of the whole people in the rebel States.

The debate was very earnest. The folly of the Democratic members who opposed the bill, and who compose an opposition perilously feeble, was that they argued the matter as if the country were in a normal condition. They spoke of striking down State governments and erecting military despotisms upon their ruins, as if the present authorities in the Southern States were truly valid governments, instead of illegal creations of the President. Mr. Raymond, also, in opposing the bill, and with some forcible reasons, was yet so singularly imperceptive as to call it a confession of inability upon the part of Congress to deal with the subject. But how a confession of inability? The bill declares the President's inability, and that Congress must take the matter in hand; and, in order to work effectively, that it must begin to mend where the President began to botch. And when Mr. Raymond asked, as he did with warmth, why we might not as well invite the army to take charge of the other States, the question showed a curiously confused conception of the situation with which Congress is called to deal.

The passage of a bill containing the essential provisions of this is beyond doubt. Its absolute necessity is known to every man. Public and private correspondence, the testimony of soldiers and civilians, as well as the probabilities of the case, all show that Mr. Boutwell spoke only the truth in saying that the loyal people of the South "are writhing under cruelties nameless in their character, and under injustice such as never has been permitted to exist in any country in modern times." The country is ripe and eager to remedy the intolerable consequences of the President's policy. Let the remedy be swift and sure.

GOLD AS A COMMODITY.

"Old Trinity," with its dead around it, stands guard at the head of Wall Street, overlooking the battle of life below. Each day, when its bells have chimed the first quarter after 10 o'clock, the whisper begins to pass from corner to corner, as men hurry on, "*What's gold to-day?*" Then the stir grows apace, and the watch-word becomes louder and more emphatic as it is elbowed and jostled through the crowd, "*What's gold?*" And this is the daily countersign of the regulars, flats, and "30-day" men, who constitute the grand army of brokers. It is echoed by every mercantile interest; for the fate of many a transaction hangs upon the answer.

Gold is no longer a circulating medium, though it serves its various purposes. It forms the basis of our financial system, giving it vitality, strength, and stability; it keeps the commercial world in equipoise, checks inordinate speculation and overtrading, and sustains our credit abroad. It supplies the arterial viaducts of the nation, flowing to the heart of the Treasury, and thence again to the extreme limits of trade. When the currency is unduly inflated this arterial fluid is weakened and the body suffers in proportion. An unhealthy trade is stimulated to the detriment of useful production, breeding extravagance, waste, and bankruptcy; from these brokers reap rich harvests. Gold then becomes, in the Wall Street acceptation, simply a commodity, to be bartered at the Gold Room as jockeys trade horses—both parties to the transaction claiming the best of the bargain—while, in a commercial point of view, it is an article indispensable for paying duties and purchasing exchange (especially on steamer days), and obtainable at constantly varying rates for greenbacks, through the agency of brokers, for a commission of ⅛ per cent. Hence the universal and earnest query at half past ten in the morning, "*What's gold?*"

Said half past ten is the busiest hour of the day in the Gold Exchange. At that time the whole pack of brokers is hungriest after fasting overnight; and if a sop of 1½ or 2 per cent. advance be thrown to them at the opening,* the clamor and wrangling is fearful. The sop is snapped up in an instant, with loud cries for more, and often gold will advance 3 or 4 per cent. under the excitement. Then in a few minutes it will fall again suddenly to the old mark, and a lull will follow. By this turn shrewd operators who have watched the market closely have been able to buy and sell at the extreme rates, making a handsome profit each way. During the temporary spasm the crowd sways fitfully. Big fellows, huddled in the centre, hurl bids at each other's heads by the fistful. Tall ones snap them off their fingers' ends defiantly. The diminutive, perched high up, chirp and flourish like chipmunks on a stone-wall, or run fidgeting around the outer circle, striving to edge in their bids or get a snap at the tid-bits offering. Occasionally a tall figure, lank as a crane, will stretch his long neck over the lesser crowd and gobble up a fat chance at a mouthful, leaving the crumbs for the small fry. Gold changes hands by millions. Losses and gains are enormous. Voices pitched to every key and tinged by every foreign accent strive to out-scream each other. Double bass vies with falsetto, Jew with Gentile, Greek with Barbarian, and the noise of the jargon reaches to streets far distant. At such a time nothing could interrupt the proceedings, unless an earthquake or explosion should happen; and then they would probably attribute the occurrence to an unexpected tumble in gold! General Sheridan happened upon the floor of the Gold Room some time since, but the brokers were too intent to notice him. Only the day before he had been formally presented at the Capitol, amidst cheers, to each member of Congress, but in the Gold Room he was as unheeded as if he had been an ordinary visitor. Had he come with the purpose to operate largely in gold he would doubtless have received more attention.

A circular iron railing separates the members of the Board from the outside crowd of operators and lookers-on; but the excitement in the outer apartment keeps equal pace with that within. The infection reaches all. Many there are large operators, and when fluctuations are rapid, orders to buy or sell fly thick and fast over the railing to the brokers within. Messengers hurry to and fro. The janitors call in trumpet tones for those whose services are wanted. The "indicator" is kept in active motion, and informs the outside world of the changes as they occur, while the click of sundry telegraphic instruments speeds the news to the uttermost parts of the earth. Strange to say, during all this hurried transfer of the golden commodity no coin is visible; no mellow chink is heard; no bags of glittering metal are seen to change owners. The buyer and seller merely pass memoranda, the statement goes to the Clearing House, and the "difference" between the buying and selling rate is paid to the winner by the Clearing House. This is his profit. Even then the receiver does not get coin, but only paper certificates of coin supposed to be on deposit somewhere, subject to the order of the holder of the certificates. If there is no "difference," there is no profit, of course; but it makes considerable difference to the operator whether this "difference" is in his favor or against him,* because in the latter case he will have to "cover;" and if he can't cover, or pay his losses, he is summarily expelled from the Board and laid on the shelf among the "lame ducks."† Very often brokers sell "short" (that is, they sell what they haven't got and never had), and make a respectable profit by buying it back at a lower figure than they sold at. They pay interest for borrowed money, and make a profit; and also often pay people 3 or 4 per cent. to borrow from them, and still make a profit. Brokers are very like the whale that swallowed Jonah. Jonah was a great prophet.

Periods of wild excitement in the Gold Room are always temporary and intermittent. Sometimes they do not occur for several days. During lulls the swarm of active brokers is diminished to a score or two who lounge listlessly upon the circular railing that incloses a fountain in the centre of the room and make their bids with sleepy indifference or quiet dignity. Some few commission men, who are limited in price, compose themselves in chairs and wait with Job-like patience for a reaction that shall reach their figure, while the "lame ducks" outside, the "dead-beats," small operators, and lookers-on—the halt, the lame, and the blind—occupy the interval with newspapers or hang upon the railing, blinking quietly at the fountain, and waiting patiently for the moving of the waters. Some of this fraternity, who love to watch the market, bring their lunches and stay all day, paying for the privilege an annual admission fee of $100. Between the hours of one and two o'clock there is generally a pause, when the majority of the brokers go to Delmonico's for lunch. After three o'clock the restrictions that have governed the preceding hours are removed in part, and a general smoke ensues. A great many smoke who are not in the habit of doing so, simply because there is no longer prohibition; just as men drink more when there are severe restrictive laws. The atmosphere of the room then reeks with the fumes of pipes and cigars, and the attention of members is more occupied with practical jokes and skylarking than with the traffic in gold. Nevertheless, there is less noise and confusion, and less resemblance to Bedlam than when business is active. In the midst of these periods of calm, when the bidding languishes and the pulse is sluggish, the Board is often galvanized into action by the sudden entrance of a wiry operator into the ring, who offers to sell "any part of half a million" at a new quotation. Instantly the hive is astir. The "dead-beats" resuscitate. There is a rush to the scene of action. "Puts" and "calls" fly thick and fast, and "seller 3," "buyer 30," "regular," "flat," and the whole vocabulary of brokers' terms are bandied about from mouth to mouth in rapid succession. Those who have been waiting for gold to touch the figure at which they are limited by their orders watch their chance and swoop down like buzzards when the opportunity arrives. In the general scramble the coolest and most audacious are most successful. Mere youngsters often outgeneral old veterans, and principals worth their millions are sometimes obliged to yield to clerks or barefaced lads who have only power of attorney or else a power of cheek and lip. To bid to advantage requires no little tact and good address. To be able to take advantage of the market is a great acquisition. But the ability to *control* the market belongs only to the heavy capitalists and veteran campaigners, and to this but few can aspire.

Speculators, of course, favor inflation because it gives them the chance of larger profits through greater and more frequent fluctuations. The numerous schemes, called financial, which have recently been pressed upon Congress, are solely in their interest. They do not want contraction, however gradual, because it leads to the eventual resumption of specie payments; and with such resumption gold ceases to be a commodity. When that happy event occurs the 450 members of the Gold Room will divide the surplus in their Treasury, and seek for occupation elsewhere.

* The Board opens like an oyster.

* It will be difficult to make the stupid understand the distinction, either with or without the difference.

† A "lame duck" is a bird that tries to cover too many eggs at one time.

THE PROBABILITY OF IMPEACHMENT.

A Government is practically overthrown when its laws are unexecuted. The Constitution of the United States, therefore, provides that for high crimes and misdemeanors, the chief of which is failure to execute the laws, the President may be impeached and removed. But it is of the highest importance that the evidence be so plain as to convince the country; otherwise an impeachment merely excites instead of composing trouble.

It is unquestionably becoming the public conviction that Mr. Ashley, although sincerely persuaded that the President was guilty of impeachable offenses, was not so fully furnished with conclusive evidence as to satisfy the Judiciary Committee, and justify a recommendation of impeachment. His specific charges were: corrupt abuse of the appointing and pardoning power; corrupt disposition of the public property; corrupt interference in elections; and, in general, that he had committed high crimes and misdemeanors. These specific charges of corruption would undoubtedly be difficult to prove. Nothing would be of avail but distinct evidence of overt acts; and of such evidence there would be various interpretations. The guilty, treasonable intention would hardly be more than inferential; and except upon the most incontrovertible proof the Senate would not convict.

But there is one point which, if evident, would unite the country in a demand for impeachment; and that is, a refusal to execute the laws. It is the duty of Congress to regulate by law the States in which as yet there is no valid government. Those laws should be mild, temperate, and just. Congress should provide adequately for their enforcement, and thus compel the President to reveal his intentions. If he faithfully and honorably executed the laws, whether they had been passed over his veto or not, the difficulty between him and Congress would disappear. If he failed to execute them, Congress should demand his reasons. If those reasons were adequate, Congress would be satisfied. If they were insufficient, then, as under the circumstances there could be no question of the Executive intention to defeat the purpose of the people in Congress, he would be promptly impeached and removed with the consent of the whole country.

The most authentic information that we have leads us to doubt if an impeachment can be carried upon the charges which have been preferred. We have seen no reason to change our opinion that there must be plain proof of a willful non-execution of the law before so grave a measure could be taken. Mr. Phillips's charge that the President is an "obstacle," although it has been much derided, is all-sufficient if it can be proved. A President who will not execute the law is precisely that obstacle to the fulfillment of the popular will which impeachment is intended to remove. That the President *is* an obstacle of this kind, as Mr. Phillips declared that his instincts assured him, is very possible. But let us bring it to the proof. In certain parts of the West horse thieves are hung, not because they are known to have stolen a particular horse, but upon their general bad reputation. And certainly if general bad reputation were sufficient, a clear case could be made out against the President. But the Constitution does not make an ill name an impeachable offense.

It is sometimes charged that the Civil Rights bill is not enforced. If the President can be shown to have failed in his duty of enforcing it let us have the evidence. We all know that he vetoed it. We all know that civil rights are not respected in the Southern States. We all know that if there were a President who was in sympathy with the people, those rights would not be generally disregarded. But this kind of knowledge is not enough. We must know also when and how the Executive failed or refused. And therefore the laws for the regulation of the Southern States should be made so that his defection will be evident. If Congress orders a brigade of the army to be kept in certain districts subject to the orders of certain specified officers, and the President, as Commander-in-Chief, orders them away upon plea of the public service, let him be compelled to show why the public service required their removal, and if his reply is quibbling or evasive, he will be seen at once to have intended to thwart the will of Congress. That will be enough for the Senate and for the country.

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

The complaint of the delay in Reconstruction is unreasonable. It is very desirable that the Union should be restored; but it is absolutely essential that it should be restored wisely. Those who think that the question can be settled as speedily as a motion for adjournment evidently forget that a subject so entirely without precedent for its adjustment, and of such transcendent importance, can be properly treated only with the utmost care and reflection. Indeed it is only gradually that we are coming to understand the true principle of the settlement, and after that is determined there remains the consideration of details.

When the war ended there was very great confusion in the public mind as to the situation and its rights and duties. The relief from cruel tension was such that there was danger of mistaking utter weakness for practical wisdom, and a betrayal of the triumphant cause for magnanimity. There was even apparent danger that the country might accept, without the least reflection and in a gush of mere maudlin emotion, the astounding folly of Alexander H. Stephens and the Northern allies of the rebellion that, with the cessation of active hostilities every State resumed every right in the Union, and that by simply taking a formal oath to the

Union instead of the Confederacy every rebel State government became loyal and was entitled to the guarantee of the national protection. This was the result of a very superficial logic. The war, it was said, was to maintain the Union. The Union has been maintained; consequently no State has seceded; consequently every State is just where it was with all its rights of representation and with an increase of political power arising from emancipation. In other words, "the late disturbance" showed that the enemies of the Government are not yet strong enough to overthrow it, and therefore they have returned with enlarged power to bide their time.

This was the preposterous sophistry with which the public mind was threatened to be confused. If "once a State always a State" were sound doctrine, what was to be done about it? was the question triumphantly asked by those who had opposed the war. As the argument was urged it really seemed to many that we had fought for four years and defeated rebels only that they might be politically stronger than ever. The Union victory, according to this reasoning, had merely weakened the Union. Time and discussion were necessary to dispel this extraordinary delusion. The popular purpose, indeed, was plain. The nation was resolved to secure the fruits of the victory it had won, but in what manner was not clear.

Gradually the true solution of the difficulty appeared. States can not, indeed, escape from the Union, but they may deprive themselves of local civil government, which can be then obtained and sanctioned only by the national action; and when by open rebellion States have relinquished the exercise of national functions in the Union they can regain them only by the consent of the Union. More popularly stated, the public conviction now is, that rebel States can be restored only upon certain conditions, and in the determination of those conditions those States have no voice whatever. Of course their actual situation can not be safely disregarded in the decision of what those conditions ought to be; but neither reason nor precedent gives them any authority to share in the deliberation, and the Constitution can not be rightfully interpreted against reason. It is for the people of the States which have saved the Government to settle the terms upon which the defeated States may return; and as these terms are not to be dependent in any degree upon the whims of those States they should be fixed in the fundamental law, and when that is changed as wisdom and experience direct, the Representatives and Senators from the absent States, upon their oath of loyalty to the Constitution so amended, may appear again in Congress.

The duty of the Reconstruction Committee, therefore, seems to us to be, to decide what Constitutional changes our recent history has shown to be essential; to report them in the form of amendments; to submit them to the States represented in Congress, and when they have been ratified and have become parts of the supreme organic law, to take care that the action of every State conforms; and then, so far as Congress is concerned, the work is completed. This course is not of itself a revolution; it merely recognizes the revolution that has already occurred.

Meanwhile, of course, as we have elsewhere remarked, Congress is to keep the peace in the unorganized States. The fault in the movement of reconstruction has been foolish haste. The result, therefore, is anarchy. But as we all begin both to understand the situation and the principle which should control our action, we shall proceed to reconstruct permanently and securely.

Mr. Dixon's Amendment.

When Senator Dixon lately proposed the amendment which was said to be approved by the President and some of his Provisional Governors, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, broke out into the most vehement vituperation of the scheme, and, in the name of what he called "the glorious Democratic party," stigmatized the proposition as poison which had been injected into the Senate, and which, he said, was the more dangerous because of the known intimacy of Senator Dixon with the President. During this gust of denunciation Senator Dixon sat, pen in hand, and gazing at his fellow-Senator with amused astonishment. Having finished his speech, Senator Saulsbury betook himself to promenading defiantly upon the floor of the chamber, while Senator Conness rose and said, good-humoredly, that he was very glad to see from what had just taken place that there was a prospect of a division of the sheep from the goats, although he did not wish to say which were the goats and which were the sheep. He congratulated Senator Dixon upon the prospect of his return to his old political fold, upon which Senator Dixon suggested that he supposed, then, he might count upon the vote of Senator Conness for his proposition. "Oh yes," replied the Senator, "after a few changes."

The Senator spoke for the country. Nothing could be more inadequate than the plan as suggested. It is merely a proposition to leave the government of the late rebel States in rebel hands and to abandon our friends. The loyal strength at the South is mainly among the freedmen and some of the poorer whites. If you give the suffrage only to those who can read and write and who own a certain amount of property, and disfranchise nobody and make nobody ineligible, the present deplorable condition of the freedmen and other Union citizens is sanctioned and made permanent.

Mr. Dixon's amendment has no other value than that of a scheme of supposed terms upon which the rebel States might possibly consent to resume their places in the Union. It is fatally wrong for this one reason, if for no other, that it proposes to leave the question of equal suffrage, even upon the utterly inadmissible conditions we have named, to the rebel States themselves. But the true guarantee of equality of political rights among the citizens of the United States is the Constitution of the United States.

But the country which requires more than the provisions of the pending amendment will hardly stop long to consider one which demands less.

INJUDICIOUS USE OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once startled the medical public by asserting that, leaving out opium, certain specifics, wine, and anæsthetics, "if the whole materia medica, *as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." We do not think that the doctors need to have been startled, and some of them were not. There is vastly more medicine used in the world than there should be, under the administration of doctors, quacks, old women, etc., so that the assertion of Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly true. But there is a judicious use of it, and we believe that this is becoming more and more prevalent in the medical profession, which will surely though slowly abate the indiscriminate and abundant use in the world at large; and therefore, instead of poisoning the fishes by dosing them at random with the whole materia medica, we would preserve it entire, and, with Dr. Holmes, do all that we can to urge forward the change that is going on.

Medicine injudiciously used gives a fatal issue to multitudes of cases that, with judicious treatment, would have resulted favorably. But this is not the point that we wish to illustrate now. It is rather the influence of bad medication, professional, quackish, and domestic, in producing ill-health and disease.

In the treatment of disease the object of the judicious physician is not merely to carry the patient through the sickness, but to bring him out of it in the best possible condition. It is just here that inappropriate treatment most signally fails. Residues of the sickness are unnecessarily left, laying a foundation for continued ill-health and future attacks of disease. This may come from giving too much of those medicines which are appropriate to the case in hand precisely as one in mending machinery, though his blows may be directed aright, may put so much force into them as to do more harm than good. Or the proper medicines may be administered in such small amounts as to prove ineffectual. Or, again, medicines entirely unfit for the case may be given, increasing rather than lessening the disease.

Recovery may occur in all these cases from the recovering powers of nature alone, though the blundering medication may get all the credit. But, nevertheless, the damage done by the treatment is not wholly removed, but results are left here and there in the organs, or in the system as a whole, that impair the health and predispose to disease.

This often happens. An attack of disease, which might be broken up at once by proper treatment, is suffered to go on, resulting at length in confirmed and severe sickness, and the medical attendant—quack or perhaps doctor—makes a large bill, and, what is more, has his praises sounded as having raised his patient from the borders of the grave, when, in truth, he brought him there, and the rescue was effected by nature's recuperative power. In this case this needlessly prolonged suffering from disease must leave residua that might have been escaped by a rapid and early recovery.

The enormous amount of advertising of nostrums shows how much of random dosing is done independent of medical attendance. True, some are benefited, for the same reason that some would be hit by one firing into a crowd, though he may be a poor marksman. These, of course, praise the medicine they have used, while the multitude who have received no benefit say nothing about it. It is by the recommendations of these few, uttered among acquaintances and appearing in advertisements, that nostrums get their currency. Meanwhile those who have not been benefited have received actual injury, for *all inappropriate medicine does more or less harm.* It does not merely fail to do good, as is very commonly supposed. Considering the great prevalence of this indiscriminate use of nostrums, we can not avoid the conclusion that it is quite a large cause of ill-health and disease. Not only is it directly so, but often indirectly; for it frequently leads on the individual beyond the possibility of a recovery, when the application of judicious measures at the outset might have effected a cure.

Much medicine is taken unnecessarily by those who are a little ailing, and those who imagine themselves to be sick. With some extra attention to diet and regimen nature is ordinarily competent to the removal of slight ailments. And as to imaginary ones, the directing the mind to every uneasy sensation, together with the constant tinkering of the system with drugs, will in a very short time produce positive disease where none existed before. Let us not be understood as wholly discarding the use of medicine in all cases that fall short of positive and marked sickness. A timely use of it will often prevent the development of grave disease. But it should be resorted to not at hap-hazard but understandingly, from instructions gathered from the family physician, if not by his prescription.

There are some invalids who make a business of invalidism. They are not satisfied unless they are taking some medicine all the time. They would feel lost if the health which they are so earnestly seeking for should actually come to them, and force them to abandon the wide field of the materia medica. They get to be very wise on medicine, and weary their friends with narrations of their complaints, and the many victories obtained over them by drugs; the victory, however, never being complete and final. As for the doctor, he gets poorly paid at ordinary fees for the time which he must spend in hearing their long and tedious stories and disquisitions, and answering as well as he can their numberless questions. In all such cases, unless the doctor have both tact and firmness, there is too much of dosing; and this, of course, tends to confirm, if not to aggravate, the invalid condition.

Most people have much less confidence in nature than they have in drugs; and yet *nature is the great curer of disease, and the drugs are at best only auxiliaries.* Let this grand truth be thoroughly believed, and there would be vastly less medicine taken in the world; and there would be a consequent diminution in the amount of disease.

"THE STATE OF MAINE."

In our zeal for the security of travelers by steamer and railway we have no wish to misrepresent the facts, and we have received a note from Captain Borden, of the steamer *State of Maine*, stating that instead of being "liable to damaging suspicion," she has been recently inspected by the Inspectors of the District, and licensed to run for another year; and that she has been supplying the place of the *Plymouth Rock*, and not of the *Commodore*.

We make the correction with pleasure; but we do not think that the Report upon the loss of the *Commodore* encouraged unquestioning faith in the certificate of the Inspectors.

LITERARY.

"The Village on the Cliff." A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. Thackeray, when in this country a few years ago, said, in one of his lectures, that "his little daughter" had often told him that she "thought Charles Dickens's stories far preferable to papa's." The little daughter has grown to be a young woman, and has written novels of her own, rather in the vein of Dickens than that of her father, and yet not in imitation of either. The "Story of Elizabeth," her first work, has been followed by "The Village on the Cliff," which Harper & Brothers publish as No. 287 of their "Library of Select Novels." It is a pleasant love-story, full of quiet and natural scenes and characters, told in a natural and entertaining manner.

"The Claverings" is the best of Anthony Trollope's many good novels, and has just been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is more dramatic in arrangement and dénouement than "Orley Farm;" more varied in character than the "Small House at Allington." As he grows older Mr. Trollope seems to become less cynical; and in "The Claverings" he has introduced us to a better class of English society, and to characters which we are happier to recognize as human, than in any of his previous works. The hero is not a saint; he has many faults, but none that the reader can not heartily forgive, unless it be when he appears in the unamiable and disgusting light of a weak fellow who maudlingly complains that "the world had treated him badly." Florence Burton and Julia Ongar, the two loves of the hero, appear at all times in delightful contrast, and yet both are noble and natural women. The "love of Mr. Saul" is a truly pathetic episode of the story, so beautifully told that the character of Mr. Saul, drawn only to fill up the background of the picture, eventually becomes pleasantly prominent in the reader's mind and heart. Unlike most of Mr. Trollope's novels, "The Claverings" is complete in itself, and in the dénouement there is nothing left unsatisfactorily solved.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The Bankrupt bill was lost in the Senate, on February 5, by a vote of 22 nays to 20 yeas; but a reconsideration was had on February 9, and the bill is again open for consideration.

Senator Dixon, on February 6, offered in the Senate constitutional amendments said to have been approved by and submitted at the request of President Johnson, which provided for the payment of the war debt of the United States, the repudiation of the rebel war debt, and granting negro suffrage with property and educational restrictions. No action has as yet been had on them.

The bill to admit Nebraska as a State passed the Senate over the President's veto by a vote of 31 yeas to 9 nays, and the House by a vote of 120 yeas to 44 nays

NEWS ITEMS.

The report of the New Orleans Investigating Committee lays the blame of the riots of July, 1866, upon the municipal authorities of the city, and charges the Mayor with a "determined purpose to break up the Convention by armed force." Preparations for the riot were made, by the arming of fire-companies and other disloyal organizations, for weeks before the massacre occurred. The police were withdrawn from their posts when the riot began, and no attempt made to quell the mob. The Committee also find that the rioters found encouragement from the instructions and policy of the President.

A Nashville, Tennessee, paper states that a conspiracy has been entered into by certain rebel citizens of Cannon, White, and Warren counties to procure the assassination of a number of leading and influential Union men, all late officers of the Federal army. The following are the names of the persons marked out for death, and the sums offered for making way with them: for Colonel W. B. Stokes, $5000; for Colonel Blackburn, $4000; for Colonel Pleasure, $4000; for Captain Vanatta, $2000; for Captain Hathaway, $2000. A rebel citizen living near Alexandria, in De Kalb County, has offered to give $1000 for the assassination of Captain Vanatta. It is understood that three notorious cut-throats, who were once members of Champ Ferguson's gang of bushwhackers, have been employed to do the work. Several Union citizens, fearful of their lives, have fled to Alexandria for safety, where a number of discharged Federal soldiers, formerly belonging to Colonel Stokes's cavalry, reside. Though this startling assertion, when first made, was denied by the Democratic papers in Nashville, the Tennessee Legislature, on the -th, considered it worthy of investigation, and appointed a committee for that purpose. In the debate in the House Mr. Fuson, one of the members, said that this game of assassination was no news to him. Some of the men whose lives were menaced were his neighbors, and he lived near them when prowling enemies hunted them like wild beasts. He had himself been forced to hide in the woods from the outlaws. A part of the clan were killed, but a part still survive. He was satisfied of the truth of the statements published. The offer of $5000 for killing the Hon. W. B. Stokes was no new thing; it was offered long ago. The men who had been marked out for vengeance by these assassins were always on their guard against attempts at assassination. The gang had already murdered many good citizens, and should be brought to justice. It will be remembered that one rebel lately murdered in cold blood Senator Almon Case and three other Union men within a few days. Information from Tennessee since the date of those unfortunate occurrences represent that affairs have been growing worse in Obion County. Farris, the assassin, is still in the county with his band, and has sent word for the sheriff to come and take him, if he can; that he is ready for him. An infamous villain named Tom Hooks has also a small band of bushwhackers, defying Governor Brownlow and the laws. Hooks swears that there are ten Union men in Obion County whom he is determined to kill before he leaves it. He and his band went to the house of a highly respectable Union citizen, some days since, at night, and tried to induce the family to come out of doors. Failing in that the bushwhackers fired some twenty pistol-shots into the house. The Union men are greatly depressed and discouraged. The sheriff and his deputies find it impossible to enforce the laws and arrest the desperadoes, and have abandoned the attempt. Unless the Legislature speedily passes the loyal militia bill the country will be given over to a reign of violence, far worse than that which prevailed in the days of the rebellion, blood-hounds, and Cherokee savages.

The Kansas Legislature on February 6 amended the State suffrage bill by striking out the word "male"—in other words, extending the suffrage to women.

Kentucky is sadly in need of martial law. The State is almost entirely ruled by Lynch law. The Governor, unable to furnish State militia, has been compelled to ask for a detachment of United States troops to preserve quiet.

The spy upon whose letter to the President Mr. Seward requested information from Mr. Motley, our Minister at Vienna, turns out to have been an unknown New Yorker named George W. M'Cracken. In his letter, misrepresenting Mr. Motley, the same person slanders Consuls Murphy at Frankfort, Hall at Madrid, Moth at Tangier, and Perry at Tunis; and declares that our foreign representatives are "a very indifferent set." The people have just such an idea of some of their representatives who are unfortunately at home.

The Long Bridge across the Potomac River at Washington was swept away on February 5 by the breaking up of the ice.

Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles died in New York on February 4, aged thirty-one; and was buried on February 9 with much ceremony.

The following incredible story was lately telegraphed from Louisville, Kentucky: A white had murdered his mistress, a negro woman, and was arrested, charged with the crime, and brought before a Judge for examination. He explained to the Judge that he was fearful the negro woman would expose his conduct to his wife, and hence he had killed her, when the Judge released him from custody!

The Tennessee State Senate have passed the Negro Suffrage bill, and another bill still further restricting rebels from voting. In the Kentucky Senate on the same day similar bills were defeated.

The religious papers are filled with accounts of revivals of religion throughout the country.

George Peabody, the philanthropist, on February 7 donated $2,000,000 to be devoted to the education of the people of the Southwestern States, irrespective of color. He declares his purpose that "the benefits intended shall be distributed among the entire population without other distinction than their needs." Robert C. Winthrop, Hamilton Fish, Rev. Charles P. M'Ilvaine, U. S. Grant, William C. Rives, John H. Clifford, William Aiken, William M. Evarts, William A. Graham, and others form the Board of Trustees intrusted with the expenditure of the munificent gift.

So great is the destitution in North Carolina, and so stringent the pecuniary affairs of the people, that the Sheriff of Pitt County was lately mobbed, and all his writs and executions were burned; and the Legislature has been forced to pass a "Relief Bill," under the provisions of which the payment of a debt may be deferred one year.

Solomon Johnson, a colored man of ability and refinement, has been appointed to a first-class clerkship in the Treasury office at Washington.

The rebels of North Carolina have discovered a new system of outrages against the freedmen. They organize themselves in armed bands, call themselves "Regulators," and go about the country depriving the negroes of their horses and planting implements, thus robbing them of all power to produce the necessities of life. This is the refinement of cruelty.

The Bureau of Agriculture Reports show that the average rate at which white labor is paid for at the North is $15.50 per month, at the South $9.50 per month; board being included in both cases.

A band of Regulators have appeared in Carroll Parish, Louisiana, threatening and perpetrating all manner of violence upon "Yankees and Yankee niggers." They avow themselves rebels, and belonging to the poorer class of whites upon the back hills; and are enraged because the negroes have left them to hire to the planters upon the bottoms. They have already raided upon several places near Bunch's Bend, on the old channel of the river.

Sanford Connover, indicted for perjury in giving false testimony against the Lincoln assassins, was convicted on February 11.

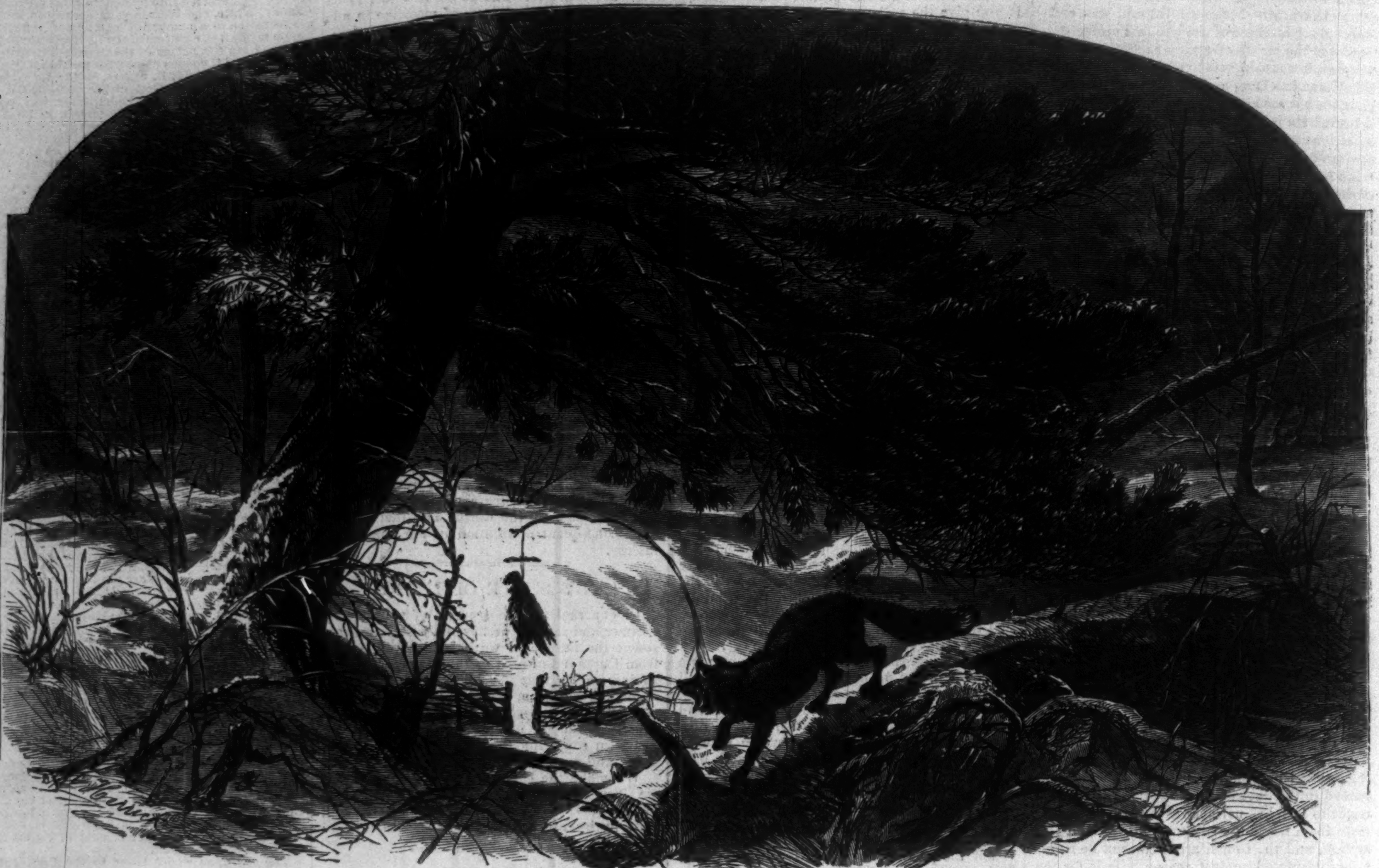
FOREIGN NEWS.

A remarkable scene occurred in London, on February 5, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria. The enthusiasm for the Queen and royal family usually displayed by the London populace gave place to loud and significant cries for "Reform! Reform!" Large crowds of working-men filled the streets, and displayed rather a sullen spirit and evidently disposed to mischief and riot.

Earl Derby stated in the House of Lords, on February 7, that he had requested Mr. Seward to make out his *Alabama* claims, and stated that they would be speedily settled.

President Mosquera of the Colombian Republic has been impeached for his usurpations, and is to be tried by Congress.

The Liberal garrison of Zacatecas, Mexico, was surprised by General Miramon, Imperialist, and routed. Juarez had established his capital there, and is reported to have been captured.



THE POACHER.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]

A. H. LEE.

We give this week a portrait of the fortunate Mr. Lee, who held the lucky number 58,160 which drew the Crosby Opera-House in the late Chicago lottery. Mr. Lee is or was a well-to-do miller at Prairie du Rocher, Illinois; and, judging from his appearance and his disposal of the Opera-House for $200,000, cash in hand, we conclude he is not of that large and well-known class who are popularly supposed to part with their money as rapidly as possible.

THE AMERICAN SNOW-BIRDS.

We present on this page illustrations of two species of American birds, which are frequently seen at this time of the year, and which are familiar to almost every woodsman. In our illustrations they are drawn about two-thirds the size of nature.

THE SNOW-BIRD

is known, we believe, only to America. The dark slate-colored birds on the right in the drawing are our most common variety. Their distinctive marks are the snow-white breast and the white feathers on the side of the tail, the latter seen very plainly when the bird is flying. The coming of the Snow-bird and his increased activity in the search for food are looked upon as sure prognostics of a storm. When very deep snow covers the ground they become half domesticated, and collect about the barns and other out-houses, and even round the steps of the doors, not only in the country, but in the largest cities.

THE SNOW-BUNTING.

Upon the left of the engraving are Snow-buntings—another species of our winter birds. They are among the most interesting of our birds, possessing several peculiarities. They make their appearance in the Northern States early in December, coming in flocks of different sizes, and flying closely together at some little elevation from the ground. They are restless and roving in disposition, and timid and retiring by nature, skulking in the most retired and mountainous districts.

AMERICAN SNOW-BIRDS.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]

UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE PATENT OFFICE

WE present our readers this week with a view of the southern front of the Patent Office at Washington City, one of the most imposing of our public buildings. It stands as a very significant sign of the growth, enterprise, and keen intellect of the nation. On a clear moonlight night there is nothing more beautiful than this immense edifice of pure marble, glistening with the moonbeams, and almost speaking to the beholder of the vastness of his country's power and the worth of its Union. The order of architecture in which it is built is Grecian Doric; there are porticoes on the south, east, and west sides—the southern portico being copied from the Parthenon at Athens. The total height is 74 feet 11 inches; it is 275 wide by 406 feet 6 inches long. In the third story are saloons for the exhibition and preservation of models.

RACHEL'S FOLLY.

I.—RACHEL'S LOVERS.

THE sun was setting, shedding a blaze of yellow light over the great tossing sea, over the little village of Eastend, and over the brown cliffs running for many a mile along the sea-shore on either side of the village.

On the beach were groups of children playing, of girls talking and laughing together, and of men, who—some smoking, some sleeping among the boats and fishing-smacks drawn up above the tide-mark—were enjoying their day of rest after their own fashion.

There was no afternoon service at Eastend, so the villagers always turned out to talk and pass their Sunday afternoon socially on the shore. They were a quiet set of people—orderly, sober, industrious, regular in their attendance at church, hard-working and, on the whole, prosperous.

Of course when I say this, I do not mean that they were remarkably good, or better than their neighbors, but that there were few openly vicious characters among them—few cases of disorderly conduct; and the work that was ready for their hands to do they did willingly and well. Some of them were fishermen; but most of them were employed in a large building standing a little away from the village—a rope-manufactory belonging to the squire of the place.

This gentleman was the brother of the clergyman; and perhaps it was owing to the interest they both took in their people, and to the care they bestowed on them, that the villagers of Eastend were such an orderly, respectable set.

That particular evening of which I am writing you might have seen among the group of girls sauntering about one so remarkable for her fresh beauty that it was almost impossible not to notice her.

She was taller than any of her companions, and so finely made that her badly-fitting print dress might disfigure but could not hide the perfect grace of her form. Thick gold-brown hair was coiled in masses round her head, and combed carefully away from the sweetest face that you could wish to see; a face which, with its blue eyes and rosy lips, its dimples and its smiles, looked more like one you would expect to see in a painter's study than among a group of fisher girls.

If you had watched her, you would have seen that among the whole set of men, women, and children she seemed singled out for kind words and kind smiles. As she sat there lounging against a fishing-boat, now one and then the other came to chat a moment; and more than once some little child would leave its play to climb upon her lap and throw its arms round her neck, while the girls of her own age clustered round her, some sitting on the pebbly beach, some lounging about the boats, like bees round their queen.

A happier scene than Eastend beach could not be found; and it was no wonder that the girls saw with regret the great sun sink beneath the waves, and heard the village clock chime six. In ten minutes after the first stroke the beach was clear, and the village street was crowded with the people going to church.

I am wrong when I say the beach was clear; behind the black boats there was still one figure lingering—it was the beautiful fisher girl, Rachel Kently.

She had let them all go one after another, finding some excuse to linger behind; and now, as the beach was deserted by all but herself, she looked anxiously around her. "I wonder what they'll say when they miss me," she muttered to herself, as she began playing nervously with the pebbles. "And father too! poor father!"

Then she crept a little farther in among the fishing-boats and laid down her beautiful head on the bare ground, that she might be quite hidden from the view of any one on the road above. The light faded, one or two stars came out, and still Rachel lay quietly under the shadow of the boats, only raising her head from her hard pillow to cast now and then an anxious glance at the sea.

At length the sound of a keel among the shingles broke the evening stillness, and then she looked up and called out clearly but gently, and without moving from her hiding-place: "Under the big boat, Mr. Sapping." At the sound of her voice a tall young man, dressed like a gentleman, jumped from the little skiff, drew it up as high on the shore as he could, and then he too crept among the vessels on the strand and was lost to view.

* * * *

There was a long pier at the end of the village of Eastend; a long wooden pier, stretching half a mile, they said, into the sea; and at the little round-house at its foremost end lived a man of about thirty years of age, and of a character that, in his way, made him as remarkable as Rachel Kently among the Eastenders.

He had been a sailor in early youth, and was such a desperate, daring character that when he left the service no one regretted it. At the same time he was a clever fellow—brave, and, in the service of a friend, capable of kind deeds, and even generous ones.

He lived a solitary life in the round-house, and passed his time easily enough in putting up the signal-lights and performing other duties in connection with the steamers constantly touching at the pier.

It was supposed that Tom

"UNDER THE BIG BOAT, MR. SAPPING!"

Harding, or, as he was more usually called, "Big Tom," on account of his great size, was rich. His small house was comfortably furnished; he was always well-dressed, and he never seemed to deny himself any pleasure or comfort on account of money. You may be sure, therefore, that there was many a girl in Eastend who smiled pleasantly on Big Tom, in spite of his reputation for ferocity; and many a mother who thought that little round-house might make a very cozy home for her daughter, in spite of its being exposed to wind and weather.

Big Tom said he wanted no wife. He declared that he hated women; and he never could be persuaded to go to any of the village gatherings, till one day Rachel Kently happened to come to the end of the pier to meet her father. Then Tom's conduct suddenly altered. He began to make a habit of sauntering down to the North Star Inn, near where Sam Kently lived, every evening.

Sometimes he saw only Sam; but sometimes Rachel would come to bring her father some message or fetch him home, and then Big Tom would walk a little way with her, and go home very happy.

By degrees he grew bolder. He took to calling on Sam at his queer old boat-house; and at length he absolutely went to church in the evening with the father and daughter.

Meanwhile it was remarked that he was always buying something or other to make that comfortable little house at the end of the pier more comfortable still; he had it painted freshly too, rather gayly, and made more weather-tight.

Altogether things looked very much as if Big Tom was thinking of taking home a wife, and that that wife was to be Rachel Kently. Still, whenever the neighbors joked the girl about him, and asked her when she was going to be mistress of the round-house, she only laughed it off or blushed, and said she was too young for Big Tom's wife, and too timid to live in such an out-of-the-way place as the end of the long pier was.

The truth was, Big Tom had never yet asked her to marry him, and Rachel was not at all anxious that he should.

She was a timid girl, and it frightened her to think of marrying the fierce-looking, enormous man, in spite of his soft manner to her: she had heard a great deal of his former life; she had heard him swear too; and once, never to be forgotten, she had seen him in one of his terrible fits of passion; and the idea of going to live alone with such a man alarmed her. But she kept all these thoughts to herself. She knew her father would be only too glad to have Tom Harding as a son-in-law; and from her babyhood she had been accustomed to give way to his will.

So she walked with Tom, listened to him, smiled at him, and allowed him to buy her little ornaments and deck her hair clumsily with the flowers he brought every day; and yet at night she would kneel down and pray humbly that she might never be his wife.

II.—BIG TOM TO THE RESCUE.

On that particular evening of which I am writing Tom Harding had gone into church as usual, expecting to find Sam Kently and his daughter in their accustomed places. To his surprise the old man came hobbling in a few minutes later alone.

Sam himself seemed astonished not to see his daughter any where about. He looked around anxiously, and then sat down, evidently expecting her soon to appear; for every time the door opened he turned to see who came in.

But the prayers and lessons were over and no Rachel; the last hymn was sung, and still no Rachel.

Big Tom's patience was at an end. He stooped quietly for his hat while the congregation were kneeling over the prayer before the sermon, and when people rose up from their knees his place was empty. He did not quite know what he feared, or why he should find any thing to be anxious about, in Rachel's absence. Still his heart misgave him that there was something wrong in it.

It was very quiet out-of-doors. One or two sailors lounging before the North Star, and one or two old women sitting at their cottage-doors, were the only human beings visible.

Tom felt glad that it was dusk. He could pass them more easily without being forced to stop and talk. And he didn't want to talk and tell them he had come out of church because Rachel Kently was not there. However, one of them stood just in his path, and he couldn't help himself.

"Holloa, Harding; why, you are out early, mate!" exclaimed the man, puffing out a cloud of smoke. "Where are you steering to now?"

Tom walked on a pace or two.

"Oh, ahead," he answered, pointing seaward in the direction of the pier.

"Wind's rising; sing you a few sea-songs to-night, I'm thinking," said the other. And then, as Tom moved on again, grunting assent, he called after him: "I say, mate, if you fall in with young Mr. Sapping, just shout to him to stick to the land to-night."

"Mr. Sapping!" answered Big Tom, stopping short. "Is he in these parts?"

"Down somewhere yonder. I saw him sailing alongside o' the pier an hour ago in that bit o' a skiff; and now she's lying nigh the boats on the beach. Hail him as you pass, mate!"

Big Tom turned round slowly, and looked eagerly in the direction pointed out to him.

"Ay, ay," he said, gruffly, moving off; and then he muttered still more gruffly to himself: "And what does *he* want o' these parts?"

He had a suspicion—a suspicion that made his fierce face look fiercer than ever—as he walked along the quiet dusky road in the direction of Sam Kently's home.

Sam's dwelling-place was an odd mixture of boat and hut. The front looked as if it was made of a black barge, planked in and set up endways; and the back was a kind of hut, well tarred to make it waterproof. It was not so uncomfortable within as you might have supposed. Rachel's natty fingers had beautified it in various ways; and the large arm-chair drawn close up to the little fire-place, with the supper-table already laid beside it, looked very inviting, as Tom gently pushed open the door and peeped in.

"Rachel," he called; "Rachel, are you there?" And then, no one answering, he walked in.

Tom's eyes were sharp, and perhaps that night anxiety made them sharper. As he looked round he noticed that Rachel's bonnet, usually hanging against the wall, was gone, and that the supper-table had only one knife and fork on it, only one plate. Sam's pipe was lying on the mantle-shelf ready filled, and beside it stood the black bottle from which Sam took his dram before going to bed. Rachel's fingers had been carefully busy; but why was all this prepared so much earlier than usual?

As he was pondering this he heard steps come softly over the pebbles. The door was pushed a little ajar, and then Rachel's sweet voice said,

"In five minutes. I shall only take my cloak and a small bundle."

"Make haste then, darling!" returned another voice, which Tom recognized as Mr. Sapping's; "and while you get your things I'll just run down and get that rope from Hempson. Be as quick as you can; they'll be out of church in ten minutes."

Big Tom's bronzed face turned ashy pale as he listened; dreadful passion and fierce grief were at his heart; but he restrained himself, and, as softly as he could, pushed open the door of Sam's sleeping closet and crept in as Rachel entered the front-room. Through the little pane of glass that lighted the closet he could watch her movements. And he did watch, his face growing each moment more angry and fierce-looking.

Rachel went to work hastily, collecting a few things, first from one drawer and then another; and then she made them up into a small tight packet. She was very pale, and breathed quickly and hard, like one trying to keep down sobs; but she never hesitated. Then she threw on her cloak and tied on her bonnet; and giving one hasty glance round on the old familiar room, muttered, "God forgive me!" and went out.

"Heartless, deceitful little jade!" Tom growled to himself; "but"—and he swore a dreadful oath—"she shall learn Tom Harding is not to be played with or cheated by a silly girl."

And then he went as softly as he could after her out of the house on to the beach. She was walking quickly in the direction of the boat; and in the twilight he could just see her figure standing solitarily by the edge of the sea, waiting for the man Tom already hated as his greatest enemy on earth.

Big Tom strode like a giant over the shingles; and in two minutes he had reached the skiff, run it down to the very edge of the water, and then, before Rachel was quite aware of who had come upon her, had seized her in his strong arms and thrown her into the boat. The next moment the sail was up, and they were dancing over the waves at a rate that soon made a long distance between them and the shore.

Rachel gave a long frightened cry as she saw *who* had discovered her, and then sank down in the stern of the boat and covered up her face in her shawl.

III.—TWO VOWS.

If she had been on the land she would have screamed and cried; but what good would it do alone on the great sea with that fierce angry man? She was quite in his power, out of the reach of all human aid, for no one could hear her at that distance from shore; and, in spite of the rising wind, he was standing out to sea.

All the horrible stories of jealousy and revenge, of jilted lovers murdering their false loves and killing themselves too, passed through her brain, and terrified her almost to madness. She dared not uncover her eyes and look at his fierce face; she dared not move; she dared not even pray; for, after all, might not this be God's punishment on her for thinking of deserting her old father? And then the idea of dying with this sin fresh upon her, unrepented of, even unconfessed before her Saviour, made death more awful still.

The wind blew chilly over her, the boat danced and tossed about like a nut-shell over the waves, and the spray dashed over her in continual showers; and still he kept her before the wind, flying out toward the sea at a tremendous speed.

Death, thought the terrified girl, must be very near, very, very near. And then she put her two cold hands together and tried to say the prayer her mother had taught her before she died; but her lips would not move; the sound of waters rushing, rushing every where, filled her ears, and she fell down on her face, and remembered no more.

When she woke up again to life she was lying on a soft rug before a warm fire in a queer-shaped, low-ceilinged room. The wind still seemed whistling quite close to her, and the waves dashing and plashing round her; but for all that she felt safe. She tried to remember where she could be, and how she had got there; and as she lifted up her head and caught sight of the figure sitting beside her she guessed well enough.

Big Tom was beside her, with his elbows resting on his knees and his chin on his hands, and he was looking at her with his dark angry eyes. She was still in his power, and now in that solitary round-house at the end of the pier. She put up her hands to her eyes not to see him, and she cried out:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't look like that at me! What have you brought me here for?"

"Because you shouldn't bring shame on your old father and on *me*," Tom answered, never taking his fierce eyes away from her face. "You know you were as good as promised to me; and d'ye think because Mr. Sapping's a gentleman I'm going to let him take what's mine?"

"I never promised to marry you," Rachel answered, passionately. "I love Mr. Sapping, and go with him I will; he will marry me; he vowed to Heaven he would."

"Listen here, Rachel," Tom said in a low, terrible voice, and grasping her arm till she could have screamed with the pain: "I, Big Tom Harding, as never made an oath he didn't keep to, swear you shall not go with Mr. Sapping, ay, nor marry him neither; for unless you give me your solemn word to marry me to-morrow I'll lock you in here, and you shall never come out till I come to let you out with *red* hands, Rachel."

The girl gave a short frightened cry.

"No one can hear you, and I am master here. The boat's below: shall I go back after him? Say the word, girl!"

She gave a frightened look up at him, and then dropped her head on to the rug with a low, miserable sob. And then, while she lay with her face covered up from his sight, all that she had heard of his desperate character, his fierce-heartedness, kept crowding into her poor bewildered mind. She quite believed that he would keep his oath. And then, while she was thinking all this, Big Tom suddenly rose from his chair and moved toward the door.

Rachel sprang to her feet.

"Tom," she screamed, running across the room in great terror, and planting her back against the door, "stop! Listen; do what you like to me, but don't touch him. Heaven forbid that through me *he* should come to harm. I will marry you; I will be your wife. But for God's sake don't come to me with his blood upon your hands!"

Tom drew back, looking at her all the time.

"You will marry me, and love him!" he said, a little sullenly.

"If I marry you I will be a faithful wife," she answered, indignantly.

Tom went back to his chair and was silent for a moment: then suddenly he looked up at her white, beautiful face again.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, "if I take you home to your father quietly, and forget what has happened tonight, will you swear to me, after you are my wife, never to see Mr. Sapping again?"

She hesitated a moment. Never see Mr. Sapping again—never! She meant to make Tom a faithful wife; but it seemed hard never to see that faithful, devoted Harry Sapping again.

"Well," Tom said, gruffly, "are you afraid to promise that?"

"I swear," she answered, faintly—"I swear never to see Mr. Sapping again."

And after that Tom wrapped her in his own large cloak and opened the door, and took her out on to the pier; and then he drew her hand through his arm, and they walked silently along the half mile of wooden way, with the waves dashing wildly below them and the wind whistling round them.

* * * * * * *

And that was how Tom and Rachel plighted their troth.

IV.—TAKING THINGS QUIETLY.

About two miles from Eastend, or say from the sea-shore, stood a handsome house, known by the name of Eastend Place.

In the breakfast-room of this house the morning following that Sunday of which I was writing in the last chapter two gentlemen and a young lady were seated at the breakfast-table.

The elder of the two gentlemen was tall, gray-haired, and grave-looking. The younger was very handsome, and, you could see by his countenance, of an unusually gay temper, although that morning he seemed a little gloomy.

The young lady was pretty and elegantly dressed.

"I thought you were off to London, Harry," said the elder gentleman. "What has made you change your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Harry, carelessly. "Perhaps I shall go to-night."

Just then a servant brought in a letter and handed it to Mr. Harry. "The man from the pier brought it, Sir," he said; "Big Tom he's called about here."

Mr. Harry colored a little as he took it; but he turned pale after he had read it, and he slipped it into his pocket quickly.

"Why, what an odd-looking letter!" exclaimed his quick-eyed cousin Lizzie. "What is it about, Harry?"

"Oh, only some fishing-tackle I was going to buy," answered Mr. Harry, not hesitating to tell an untruth now any more than he had last night to poor simple Rachel. But he got up from the table; and when he was alone in the park he read that letter over again. It began:

"Mr. Henry Sapping,—I know of your wicked intention toward Rachel Kently. But when you have this she will be my wife; and I warn you it will be a bad day for you that you speak your wicked words to her again. I have taken an oath about it, and Tom Harding never yet forgot his oath. Look to yourself, and keep out of both our ways.

"Tom Harding."

He was annoyed at being threatened by a man of Tom's rank; and he was also annoyed at hearing that pretty Rachel had escaped him and was married. It put him quite out of temper for the whole of the morning; and he wandered about the park undecided whether to go and ask Tom what he meant by threatening him, the rich Mr. Sapping's son and heir, or to go off to London and say nothing to any one about the affair.

After a good deal of meditation he determined on the latter course; and, in justice to young Sapping, I must say that it was not because he feared even that fierce Tom Harding. The truth was, Mr. Harry wanted his father to pay rather a large bill; and he knew that if his "scrape," as he called it, came to Mr. Sapping's ear, he was very certain to refuse his son the money and put him out of form for some time.

So, while poor Rachel was weeping to herself, and thinking how miserable Harry must be to have lost her, and how unfaithful he must think her, Mr. Harry was reckoning up his bills, and riding in a first-class carriage to London, and trusting most devoutly his "scrape" would not get talked of in the village, and so reach his father's ear. He thought very little about Rachel. And then in the evening he went to a ball, and met another beautiful girl, who quite drove the little fisher maiden out of his head.

V.—BROKEN FAITH.

Quiet Eastend was quite startled when, one day, it became known that sweet Rachel Kently was actually married to Tom Harding.

People could not believe it at first; and it was only on Mr. Sapping, the clergyman, assuring them that he himself had joined their hands early one morning in the solitary little church that they were satisfied that daring Big Tom had not carried off his pretty prize by force.

Almost every inhabitant of Eastend found some excuse to go to the end of the long pier after that; and there, sure enough, all eyes saw another face and figure than Tom's flitting about the curious little round-house.

At first it was rather a sad, frightened face, and apt to hide itself behind the muslin blinds; but as time went on it grew brighter and bolder, and by degrees, when some old companion loitered up to the pier-head, the door of the round-house would be opened gently, and pretty Mrs. Harding would step out for a few minutes' chat.

And I can assure you, in spite of its odd position, in spite of the manner in which she had been forced into becoming its mistress, Rachel found the little round-house a very comfortable home.

Big Tom might be fierce to other people, but to his young wife he was kinder and fonder a thousand times than even handsome, merry Harry Sapping had been.

Nothing that she wished or asked for did he deny her—nothing that he could do for her, or cause to be done for her happiness, did he neglect; and though he was a little rough and a little queer, Rachel could find nothing to complain of, or to make her really regret that she had been forced to become his wife.

Tom was generous too, as men should be to their weaker wives. He never alluded to Rachel's folly, never mentioned the name of Harry Sapping. Perhaps it was because he kept his own oaths so firmly, whether they were good or bad, that made him trust his wife would do the same; at any rate he never questioned her about it. It seemed as if he had entirely forgotten that dreadful Sunday night, and as if he had forgotten that such a person as Mr. Harry Sapping was in existence.

It was the wisest course Tom could have pursued. Had he taunted Rachel with her sin she was still vain and foolish enough to have upbraided him in return for all he had forced her to give up, and which in her heart she still kept repining over.

The poor child had believed Mr. Sapping faithfully when he promised to marry her; and in marrying Tom Harding she fancied herself giving up a gentleman for a husband, and a grand house with carriage and servants, and fine clothes and jewels, and all the rest that her imagination pictured Mr. Sapping's wife would have. She never for an instant dreamed that instead of rescuing her from wealth and happiness Tom had rescued her from sin and shame.

So, at first, she took her husband's kindness for a wish to make up to her for what she had lost; and though she was a little sullen and sore, she allowed herself to be coaxed by it, till at length she gradually began to like it, and then to care a little about that great rough Tom himself.

It took a long time to do all this—a great many summer evenings, when she would sit on the wooden steps of the pier, sewing and singing, or listening to the plash of the great clear green waves below, while Tom climbed about, hoisting the signals, or fishing, or cleaning his boat, but always finding time to come and talk and sit by her; a great many autumn and winter nights, when even beside the cozy fire the roar of the sea and the whistle of the winds would make her glad to come and nestle down at his feet, and bury her head in that old rug; a great many days and nights, days and nights, till last year seemed a long while ago.

And the love for her husband came on so gradually that I think she scarcely knew herself that it had come at all, till one day she held a little child in her weak arms, and then, as she murmured its father's name over it, she burst into tears, and asked God to forgive her.

To forgive her hard-heartedness, I suppose; and after that, when she was strong and about the house again, it seemed as if a new spirit was in her, she was so loving and gentle.

Well for her had it been if those pleasant days had continued—if Heaven had mercifully spared her further temptation; and well also had it been for her, when she knelt down beside her baby's bed night and morning, if, when she prayed for God's blessing on those dear to her, she had prayed for strength for herself—if, when thanking God for His goodness in giving her so much love, she had besought Him to strengthen her to deserve and preserve it faithfully.

Rachel Harding was a careful, loving mother—a gentle, obedient wife; she read her Bible, said her prayers, went regularly to church, and, as far as appearances went, was at peace with all friends and neighbors; and if you had told her she was not a religious young woman, she would have been very much startled; but it was this very self-confidence that prevented her being really religious, really zealous in the service of her God.

* * * * * * *

It was a pleasant early June evening; the sunshine was still flooding land and sea, and dancing round and about the odd little house at the pier-head, till every pane in the small windows shone like burnished gold.

Down below swelled and flowed the clear green water, flashing under the sunlight every now and then like diamonds, but passing under the shadow of the pier calmly and darkly.

In the distance two or three white sails stood out to sea, and near at hand a few dark fishing-boats floated lazily on the calm, gently swelling waves.

Big Tom had gone down the coast on some business; and so Rachel, with her baby in her arms, was sitting on the pier-steps hushing it to sleep, and watching for the signal of his return to go in and set the supper-table.

The sunlight now and then crept in through some crevice in the wood-work, and fell on her sweet face and brown hair, and then a prettier picture than the young mother you might have hunted Eastend for and not found.

There she sat, now singing a low sweet song to her baby, now listening to the low, sweet song of the waves, evil thoughts as far from her as the sky is from the earth, when the noise of something rustling and plashing gently through the water made her look up hurriedly, fancying perhaps her husband had come upon her unawares; and she was about to call out, "Tom, is that you?" when a small boat, a tiny skiff, rounded the head of the pier. A crimson color rushed into her face; she knew that skiff well; there was no occasion to look down into the face that was gazing up at her from under that straw-hat to find out to whom it belonged. Her heart beat with great throbs under the baby's sleeping head.

"Your oath, Rachel!" whispered conscience: "get up and go away into the house; he will not dare to follow you there."

"He has not come to see me," she muttered to herself; "he does not even look at me. Of course I sha'n't speak to him."

And so the foolish girl bent her head over her baby, and thought, as she did not look at the tempter, she was doing no harm.

"Rachel!" called out Harry Sapping: "how are you, Rachel? Surely you will speak to me?"

She did not reply, but bent her head lower over the child.

"Surely, Rachel, you don't think I'm such a scoundrel that you are afraid to speak to me. Mayn't I come up?" called out Harry Sapping again, and pushing his hat off so that she might see his kind, handsome, pleading face.

"Don't, Sir," Rachel answered in a frightened voice; "I swore never to speak to you. Go away; please go away!"

"But there is no harm, Rachel, you silly child; I only want to have a look at you, and hear if you are happy with that great ruffian of yours. Let me come up?"

Mr. Sapping put his foot on the first step; but at that moment the large, dark sail, which Rachel's quick eye could distinguish while it was still a speck in the horizon, hove in view. She started to her feet. "Go," she exclaimed, "or it will be dreadful for us both!" And then she sprang up the steps, dashed into the house, and flung herself panting in her chair.

For a few minutes she listened, in an agony of fear and anxiety, for the sound of Mr. Sapping's departure. The water splashed and rushed among the wood-work, but her well-accustomed ear could clearly distinguish that from the motion of a boat.

"Surely Harry would not be so mad as to wait Tom's return!"

She clutched the baby till it woke and began to cry, in her anxiety; and then a voice called out, "To-morrow, Rachel; good-by!" and then the welcome deep and regular rushing of the waters announced that he was gone.

Tom's boat was a slow sailer, while Mr. Sapping's skiff skimmed the waves like a sea-bird. Now that he was once off she had no fear; so she laid the baby on the bed and began setting the supper, and tried all the while to look natural, and be glad that her husband was so near at hand.

But when she looked at herself in the glass she saw that she was deadly pale, and her poor fingers trembled so that she could scarcely set the table.

Would her husband notice her looks? Had he seen Mr. Sapping's skiff? Would he be angry? Should she tell him?

No; she trembled at the bare thought—she dared not. What would he think of her breaking her oath? He would never forgive her—never trust her again.

And then she kept murmuring, "God forgive me! God forgive me!" But it never entered her foolish, frightened head to kneel down and say, "Father, teach me what to do! Help me to do right!"

And so there she wandered about the room in a kind of giddy fear and trembling, undecided what to do, and scarcely knowing how far she had done wrong, till the sound of Tom's heavy foot ascending the steps, and his voice calling her, recalled her senses a little. At any rate, she must meet him as if nothing had happened.

The first glimpse of Tom's great bearded face told her he had not seen Mr. Sapping's boat. He was in high good-humor; he had met an old sailor friend, and had done his day's work, and was ready for a good supper and a quiet pipe.

And then he was so hungry, and busy with the nicely-broiled steak and the foaming beer, that he could only find time to praise his young wife's cookery as she sat there opposite him, pretending to eat her supper.

And then (fortunately, Rachel thought) it grew dark, and she was forced to go and put the baby to bed; and when she returned Tom had fallen asleep over his pipe, quite worn out with his day's work.

It was only when they were getting to bed that, as Big Tom turned to help her to close the shutter, he noticed something amiss in her usually bright face.

"What ails you, Rachel?" he asked, kindly; "your eyes look wild as a scared gull's; what ails you, my girl?"

For an instant her conscience whispered, "Tell him all, Rachel—be a truthful, faithful wife!" But her silly fear came again. "There's no harm done; and I shall never wrong him," it urged. So she only turned away and said, "The baby has been fretful, and I'm tired."

VI.—STORM CLOUDS.

THE next morning was sunny and pleasant. In spite of herself, as Rachel stood on the pier-head, watching Tom prepare his boat for another trip down the coast, her spirits rose. "There is no harm done," she said to herself, "and I could not help it; besides, I *did* send him away." And so she comforted herself; and then she kissed her husband, and watched him off, and tried to believe she was as good a wife as ever.

But she wasn't so happy as she had been yesterday morning.

And as she sat sewing while the baby slept, somehow she didn't like to think about Tom; so she thought of Harry Sapping.

What a pleasant voice he had! what a handsome face! He was not married yet—and he had not forgotten her!

Such thoughts were the most dangerous she could have; and yet she would have been terribly angry had you told her they might lead to her not being a faithful wife. She trusted herself entirely.

About noon she locked up the house and took her baby with her to the village. She wanted to do some shopping, and also to see her father. The truth was she was restless and found the house lonely.

She found plenty of amusement in Eastend; plenty of kind words for herself, and admiration for the baby; but somehow she was not satisfied or pleased, so she went home earlier than usual; and then with trembling steps and a heart that kept telling her she was tampering with her happiness, she went to her accustomed seat on the pier-steps. What was she going to do?

"Nothing," she would have replied; "she always sat there; besides—"

But whenever a sail came in sight her heart bounded and her color came; and she sang no song that evening—she was listening much too intently.

Poor foolish Rachel!

And the time seemed long till that skiff came in sight; and then she bent over her baby, but she did not move away, nor even call out when, without any word or question, Mr. Sapping fastened his boat to the pier and then jumped on to the steps.

"My sweet Rachel," he exclaimed, as he took her hand and sat down beside her, "it seems years since we met; and how changed you are!"

"Changed!" she said, in an uneasy tone. "Ah, I am older, you know; and married life changes one."

"I don't mean in looks," Mr. Sapping went on; "you are as pretty as ever, my darling; it is to me in your manner you are changed. You don't care for me any longer, I see."

Rachel remembered that she was a wedded wife—for she was foolish not wicked—and answered, gravely, "No, Sir; because I am Tom's wife now, and it would be sinful."

Harry Sapping laughed gayly; and Rachel blushed and felt grieved, and wished herself away in the round-house.

"Is that all?" asked Harry; "then you don't hate me for myself?" And he again took her hand; and then, as he noticed the wedding-ring on it, he laughed again. "My dearest little prude, and how does the ruffian use you?"

"Very well. Please, Sir, don't talk of him like that," Rachel said, with dignity.

"Well, I won't, if you don't like it. I only want to have a little talk with you. You needn't be afraid of me, Rachel, or look so cross."

And so they talked on for half an hour, till the sunlight, playing on the sea and on the little house above them, began to fade. There was not much wrong in any thing they said, or any thing they did: there would have been no harm at all had not Rachel been a wedded wife, and sworn never to speak to Harry Sapping again. And when at length he rose to go they parted very quietly. Rachel drew back firmly from his offered kiss; and he for once was a little abashed at her modest dignity, and pressed her hand almost respectfully as he got into his boat. Then he pushed off and she stood watching him.

"No harm," she whispered to herself over and over again as she mounted the pier-steps slowly and re-entered the house. "I have shown him how steady and firm I am. There is no harm, I am sure."

And then she took out a small pair of ear-rings that he had brought her and held them out to catch the light; and she again began to dream of all the pretty things which would have been hers had Harry Sapping married her.

And these thoughts hardened her conscience. She began to care less about deceiving Tom, and to think he had used her hardly in forcing her to become his honest wife. And she laid the baby on her bed and began to fasten in the new glittering ear-rings before the looking-glass, and to wonder if Mr. Sapping did really think her as pretty as ever.

Long as this takes to write it all happened in a very few minutes; so few that, when heavy steps coming along the pier in the direction of the land startled her, she quite forgot that those tell-tale ear-rings were still in her ears, in a dreadful fear that her husband was coming, and that Mr. Sapping's skiff must still be in sight.

She caught up the baby in an instant and went into the front-room just as Tom opened the door.

Her heart throbbed with fear; but she managed to toss up the baby with trembling arms and exclaim, "Why, Tom, how early you're home!"

"Not earlier than yesterday," he replied, in a voice that sounded strange to her anxious ear. "Isn't supper ready?"

"In a moment," she said, glad to bustle away.

He had not kissed her as usual; he hadn't noticed the baby; and his eyes had a fierce light in them, although he spoke quietly.

The young wife's heart sank within her. "Something wrong," she thought to herself, as she began laying the cloth. "He has seen the skiff; will he question me? what shall I say?"

"The truth; tell the truth and all may yet be well," whispered conscience.

Big Tom stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, and Rachel busied herself frying the bacon beside him. She would have given worlds for a kind word, even for a word on any ordinary subject. But he took no notice of her; he did not even try to hurry her as he often did when hungry.

I am not sure but that a single kiss from him in that moment would have induced her to tell him the whole truth; for all the hard thoughts had passed away, and just then no person on earth seemed so precious as her great strong husband.

"Are you tired, Tom?" she at length ventured to ask, gently.

"I was," he answered, gruffly; "but I've forgot all about that."

"What are you thinking of?" she again ventured to say, in a trembling voice.

"Never mind; get the supper," he replied, sternly; and then he went away out on to the pier.

"He has seen Harry," she thought to herself. "What will become of me? Why didn't he get in a rage like he used? Is any thing—"

And then that dreadful threat of his on the night she had attempted to go away with Mr. Sapping flashed through her memory, and she could not help crying out in her terror.

Big Tom came in immediately, and then it was all on the tip of her tongue to tell him out, and beg his forgiveness; but he looked so fierce and grim her coward heart shrank again.

"The bacon-fat burned me," she said, in excuse. "Come to supper, will you, Tom?"

And then they both sat opposite to each other and began to eat silently, neither of them looking up.

In vain the baby crowed and laughed; neither father nor mother had smiles to give it. Rachel only drew it to her bosom, and tried to nurse it.

At length Tom looked up, and as he pushed his plate from him, said, in his gruffest tone: "Where have you been to-day, Rachel?"

"To the village," she answered. "I wanted to buy some tea and sugar, and to see father: father's been ailing lately, you know, Tom." She spoke in a low, gentle tone, very different from his.

"Has any one been to see you to-day?" Tom went on.

"From the village, do you mean?" his wife asked, feeling sick at heart; not wishing to tell a lie, and not daring to tell the truth.

"Any one, I say; any one from any where?" Tom cried, thumping the table with his great fist. "Can't you answer, girl?"

And then poor foolish Rachel colored up and answered: "No; I don't know why you are so cross and unkind, Tom;" and she got up from the table and went out of the room.

Big Tom looked after her with a puzzled expression. "I'd give worlds to know the truth," he muttered; "for, by the heaven above me, I'd keep my oath;" and then he too got up and took his pipe to smoke by himself at the end of the pier.

It was the first evening they had spent apart since their marriage.

VII.—A FATAL MEETING.

WHEN Tom went in Rachel was in bed, and apparently asleep; and early the next morning Tom turned out, and was busy with his boat; so that husband and wife didn't speak to each other until breakfast.

Rachel glanced anxiously at him as he sat down, to see if the fierce gloominess had worn off at all; but he still looked grim; and he made no remark to her, as he was always in the habit of doing when he came in.

"You won't be away so long to-day, will you?" she said, as he rose to go out again.

"How do you know?" he replied, sharply.

Rachel colored, and said, of course she didn't *know* any thing; only she hoped he wouldn't be.

The truth was, Harry Sapping had told her his father, who employed Tom on these expeditions, intended to go himself that day, and that, therefore, her husband would return about three or four o'clock; in consequence of which he (Mr. Sapping) proposed paying his visit about noon, to be sure of Tom's being absent.

Rachel followed him as usual to the pier-steps with the baby in her arms; then rather tremblingly she held up the child to receive a farewell kiss, and afterward put up her own cheek.

As she did so the sun glittered on something half hidden in her hair, and caught her husband's eye; and he put out his great fingers and took hold of those shining ear-rings. Alas for Rachel! she had forgotten them.

In a moment his eyes were gleaming fiercer than ever, his dark face growing livid with anger.

"Where did you get these? Who gave you them?" he asked, in a voice terrible with suppressed passion.

Rachel's fear made her bold for an instant.

"I've had them a long time," she replied, in a firm voice; "a very long time."

He raised his hand—no, he didn't strike her to his feet, but he pointed to the door of the house, and said, in a tone that struck a cold, icy fear to her heart: "That is a lie! go in, and leave the house again if you dare!"

And she did not dare disobey; and he came and locked the door after her, and put the key in his pocket.

I can not describe her thoughts or her dreadful fears, as she sat for a moment pale as a corpse on the chair into which she had first dropped.

Then she got up almost frantic, and shouted for her husband. "Come back! only come back! and I will tell you the holy truth, as I hope for God's pardon. Come back, come back!"

But in vain she cried, in vain she called—no voice answered her—not a step sounded near; the dash of the waves below and the sighing of the breeze were the only breaks to the dreadful stillness.

Had Tom gone? or was he hidden near, watching, ready to pounce on Harry Sapping when he came like a wild beast on its prey?

And then she tormented herself with wondering what would happen? Would Tom keep his dreadful oath? If he did, it would be all her fault? an awful sin would be done on account of her cowardice and deceit. And worse, Harry's blood would be upon her head; and still worse—but she dared not go on, she could only hide her eyes and moan—moan till even the noise she made was dreadful to her own ear.

No thought of prayer entered her head; she felt as if it would be a mockery to pray while a dreadful wickedness was enacting through her folly. So she sat moaning there, with dry parched lips and haggard eyes, and not even hearing the cry of the baby on her lap.

How the time passed she knew not; it seemed ages since she had been sitting there; and yet the clock ticking in the corner showed only a quarter to twelve.

In a quarter of an hour more Harry Sapping ought to come—what would happen then? She listened intently for the least sound. No steamers touched at the pier before half an hour after noon. No one would come to the round-house before them; and half an hour was an age to perform a crime. She dreaded the sound of a boat.

But as the clock told ten minutes to twelve, that sound came—came quite close; and then, to her terror, she heard steps on the pier-stairs, and a voice calling gently, "Rachel, Rachel!"

She held her breath to listen for some signs of her husband's being near, but none came; and Harry Sapping kept on calling her by name. Then she took courage, and crept to the window looking out over the sea, and opened it.

"Go away," she called out, in a voice that sounded sharp and harsh; "for God's sake go away! Tom has discovered us, and he is fearfully angry; your life is in danger!"

"What nonsense, child! Tom's not such a ruffian," laughed Harry. "Come out, or let me in; there's a darling!"

"For God's sake," she cried again, "go, go!" And as she spoke a dark shadow came across from the other side of the pier. She screamed, and hid her eyes. Oh, Heaven, what was to follow? But when she looked again the little boat was dancing over the waves at a little distance, with Harry Sapping in it; and then the shadow of Tom's great figure turned the corner away from her sight, and she heard his heavy steps coming down the pier in the direction of the land.

Harry Sapping was still safe; but Tom was pursuing him.

Rachel said, "Thank God!" and the words seemed to bring something to her remembrance; and she flung herself on her knees in the middle of the floor and prayed—prayed as she never in all her life had prayed before—that God would prevent this sin, would help her to prevent this terrible evil.

And it seemed to calm her. She put on her bonnet and shawl after that, and putting the baby within reach, she opened the window and managed to crawl out, and then, with her child in her arms, she ran down the pier after her husband.

A brave resolve was in the young wife's heart. She would prevent her husband from doing this sin, at any risk, even if her own life should have to be sacrificed.

So on she ran, only stopping at the end of the pier to inquire which way her husband had gone.

But no one seemed to know. Tom Harding passed so often that no one marked his coming and going. She ran on, looking wildly about; but every thing was quiet and peaceful, and there was no sign of either her husband or Mr. Sapping.

Which way should she go? Should she tell any one her great fear, and ask for help?

She looked round, and while she was hesitating she noticed that small skiff lying on the beach empty.

"He has gone home. Tom has followed him," she cried almost aloud; and then, swift as a young fawn, in spite of her burden and the hot sunshine, she set off running along the dusty road toward Eastend Place.

Heedless of passers-by, or of their wondering looks, the poor frightened girl kept up her headlong speed till she reached the lodge-gates of the great Place; and then, as she burst in upon the gate-keeper, she sank with a terrible cry upon the ground.

Fortunately the woman knew her, and in an instant she had taken the baby from her arms, and was vainly trying to understand the question Rachel was sobbing out as she lay gasping on the floor.

"Tom—my husband?" at length she managed to say audibly.

"Ay, child; he's come and gone," answered the woman. "Did ye want him?"

"Gone!" cried the poor wife, springing up with new life; "gone, did you say? Where, oh, where? Which way? Tell me quick, for the sake of Mr. Sapping—for the sake of us all."

"Why, what *is* the matter? the heat's sent ye mad," answered the gate-keeper, looking with some fright into Rachel's flushed face. "Sit ye down quiet, Mrs. Harding, while I fetch Miss Lizzie; she's outside;" and without waiting a reply, the woman ran out, and in a moment almost returned with a kind, pretty-looking young lady.

"I am sorry—" she began, taking Rachel's hand; but Rachel clutched hold of her like a mad woman.

"Mr. Harry!" she exclaimed. "Oh, miss, tell me where he is! My husband's after him, miss, and there'll be awful wickedness done if he finds him; and it's all my fault. Can't you help me, miss? For the love of Heaven, help me!"

The young lady turned deadly pale. "Your husband was at the Place half an hour ago, inquiring for my cousin Harry. What does he want with him?"

"He's sworn a dreadful oath against him," Rachel almost shrieked. "Which way did he go?" and catching up her baby, she turned toward the door.

Miss Sapping followed her. "I told him Harry was going to London by the next train," she exclaimed. "Let us go to the railway station. Oh, Heaven! help us!"

And then Rachel sprang off, and Lizzie following her, away both the girls ran, tearing over the fields and along the lanes toward the station.

A train was on the point of starting for Ranford, the junction where all passengers from Eastend changed for London; and they had only just time to get their tickets, and make a hurried inquiry if Tom or Mr. Sapping had been seen about the station.

One guard alone had noticed a tall man, whom he thought was Tom Harding, rush in just in time to catch the train that had started about half an hour ago for Ranford; but no one had seen Mr. Harry Sapping, and Harry Sapping was well known to every person about the station.

Lizzie Sapping, though pale as death, was more calm and collected than the poor wretched young wife, and she gave orders that should Mr. Harry Sapping appear and take a ticket for London he should be desired to return immediately to Eastend Place; and she scribbled a few words on a piece of paper, and desired that it should be given to him or sent to the great house. And then she took her seat by Rachel, and tried to comfort her and herself with the hope that they might reach Tom before Harry left Eastend, and that, after all, all might yet be well.

And poor Rachel shrank back in the corner of the carriage, and thought that the train would never start; and though her bloodshot eyes stared about her, she was like one in a trance, and saw nothing.

At length the engine began to make some signs of departure; the great bell rang, and just then there were shouts—a well-known voice called out, "Ho, there, guard; open the door!" and then those bloodshot eyes of Rachel's did see a figure fly past the carriage, and knew that it was Mr. Harry Sapping.

The guard clung on their carriage and called in, "I couldn't help it, miss; he's off; you must stop him at the junction;" and then they steamed slowly out of the station, and there they all were rushing into the very clutches of fierce Tom Harding.

It was very terrible, very terrible to both the women; but Lizzie Sapping had no guilty conscience to add to her fears. Rachel's tortured her like a fiend.

On they went through the green fields and lanes, with the sunshine pouring down on them, and the pleasant summer air blowing in at the open windows; what a sight to look upon with their weary eyes! On they went, nearer and nearer to what they dared not think of.

Past the banks—the shining river—the green woods—the grazing sheep—the white cottages—the gray old churches—on, on, till there, as they stretched out their heads, they could see in the distance the great town of Ranford, with its large station and its complication of iron rails.

"Ranford Junction—change for London!" rang in their ears; and then, as the train stopped, they sprang out. The moment was come!

But Ranford was a large place, and many persons got out there, not only to change for different trains, but for the place itself; and as the two girls stood looking around them they saw crowds of people, but neither of those they sought. They heard, however, from one of the porters that Tom Harding had arrived by the preceding train, and had not been seen to leave the station or to go on by any other. Evidently he intended awaiting there the arrival of Harry Sapping; so their only course was now either to get Harry off before they could meet, or be ready to prevent any mischief should they see each other.

Miss Sapping was busy hunting about for her cousin; and she was just about to procure the assistance of the station-master, when Mr. Sapping came leisurely along the platform, looking about him as indifferently as if no such person as Tom Harding was in existence. When, however, he saw his cousin's pale face, beside the still more agonized one of Rachel, he started, and came hastily toward them.

"There is something terribly wrong, I fear," Miss Sapping began, with white lips; "I can not gather from this poor girl the whole story, but you, Harry, will probably understand it. Tom Harding is after you with deadly threats of vengeance."

"Oh, Mr. Sapping," Rachel murmured, vainly endeavoring to say more through her parched lips—"Oh, Mr. Sapping, go—" but she interrupted herself with a violent scream, as she pointed in the opposite direction.

Climbing down the platform, crossing the rails, with his terrible face turned toward them, came Big Tom Harding. On he came, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and then Harry Sapping, with sudden fury at the hated sight of him, shook off his cousin's hand, and, heedless of the shouts of the guards, jumped on to the rails and went with clenched fists to meet him.

What they said no one knew—what they did no one saw; for cries of terror and shouts of danger from all parts rang through the station; and a few yards off came thundering in the express train on its direct route to Bowmborough.

A wild scream—a scream that made itself heard for miles and rang above all those cries and shouts—followed; a woman's figure flew rather than ran across those terrible rails; and then came an awful minute, during which carriage after carriage flew by, and no eye dares look what that dark object was under the wheels, and every ear still rang with a death-shriek!

And when it was gone, there stood a big white-faced man and a woman clinging to him, and a few yards from them lay a crushed form and a pool of blood! Harry Sapping was killed—and Rachel's daring had saved her husband!

* * * * * * *

And after that, for days and days Rachel's life was a blank to her—a blank during which that dreadful story spread through the country, and there was no tongue to tell whether the dead man had really deserved Tom Harding's bitter hatred, or whether his frightful end had overtaken him in the commission of a boyish folly.

Tom told out the story of his anger boldly enough; he avowed that he was pursuing Mr. Sapping with the intention of punishing him; but no question ever drew from him if he really intended to take the life that had been so awfully destroyed under his eyes.

That the accident was entirely Mr. Sapping's fault there were plenty of witnesses to prove, poor weeping Lizzie among them; and so Tom was allowed to go home to the miserable little house, where Rachel lay raving and shouting to him to save Harry Sapping! And as he listened, though he hated that name, he could not help wishing with a shudder that his had been the life taken and Mr. Sapping's spared.

What was life to him now, with that terrible memory to haunt him, and his trust in his young wife gone? And in his despair the fierce man hated the light of day, and hated to wake up to it.

But as the darkest hour is before the dawn, so those dark days heralded a more peaceful life. In his misery his heart became softened. One morning, by Rachel's side, he groaned forth a prayer—a prayer that for years had never passed his lips; and it brought back his boyhood and childhood—times when his conscience had no heavy weights on it, or black shadows, and, in spite of himself, he laid his head on his pale wife's pillow and burst into tears.

And then as reason gradually came back to Rachel she murmured in his ear her confession of the past, praying him so humbly to forgive her weak deceit, that, in his softened humor, he dared not deny her the pardon he felt he needed so terribly for his own life.

It took months and months to restore that little home to its former peacefulness; but peace came at length, and of a more enduring kind; for the husband and wife had learned to trust each other and distrust themselves, and both of them remember that had it not been for their sin the home of good Mr. Sapping had not been sonless, and that to God's mercy alone could they look for forgiveness for the past.

SLEIGHING.

PLEASANT riding! swiftly gliding
Over crispy, hard-packed snow,
All a flutter in our cutter
Up the Avenue we go.
Trotting, pacing, running, racing,
Onward! onward! no delaying,
Gayly scorning words of warning—
Bless me! this is jolly sleighing.

Sleigh-bells tinkle, cares unwrinkle,
All possess a healthy glow;
Gold's forgotten, stocks and cotton
Can't compete to-day with snow.
Men of business feel the dizziness—
Youth with their gray locks is playing,
While the bracing air they're facing
In the rare fine sport of sleighing.

Whistle, Boreas! you make glorious
Music to the ears of lovers,
While a whiteness—blinding brightness
All the frozen surface covers.
Cloaked and ermined, we're determined
To withstand the blasts—displaying
Some assurance, much endurance,
And a passionate love of sleighing.

Talk of flowers, of summer hours—
Neither these nor days of leisure
Worth a thought is while "Two-forties"
Dash us over roads of pleasure.
Dashing, racing, trotting, pacing,
Onward! onward! no delaying,
Gayly scorning words of warning—
Bless me! this is pleasant sleighing.

SCENE IN A NEW YORK FARO BANK—THE CRITICAL MOMENT: MAKING "THE TURN."—[See Page 121.]

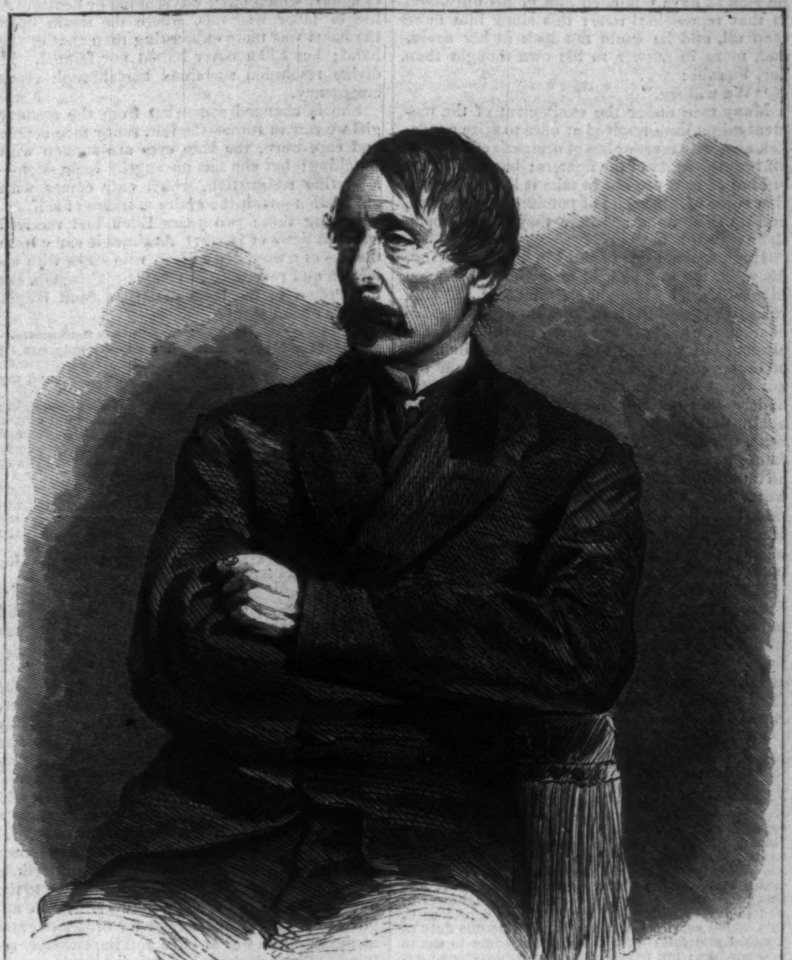
THE FARO BANK—"THE TURN."

AMONG all games of chance played in this country, "Faro" is the most enticing and popular with both amateur and professional gamesters. This popularity is the result of the simplicity of the game and its apparent fairness—the amateurs believing, in their ignorance and stupidity, that the chances are even between the "dealer" and the "player;" whereas the "advantages" or "percentage" of the former pay the expenses of the most sumptuous establishments in the country.

The game is played in the following manner: A pack of cards is inserted into a silver box made for the purpose, open at the top, so that the face of every succeeding card can be seen upon removing the one above it. Our illustration presents the most exciting epoch of the game, "the turn"—or, in other words, when the dealer by removing the upper card exposes the next, which is a losing card. The succeeding one will be the winner. At this moment every eye is upon the box with the most intense anxiety; hope and fear alternately are traced upon the countenances of the players, the dealer being generally the only one whose face betrays no emotion. He sits behind the table, about the centre; on his right sits an assistant, or "the look-out," whose duty consists in keeping a sharp eye on the bets, and to see that none are missed by the dealer and left on the board when the "bank" has won them. Further to the right, at the end of the table, is the "case-keeper," with the cue-box, marking the cards that are "dead"—or out of the box. He is generally "a hanger-on" of the bank, looking out for "sleepers," or bets forgotten by the players, though the cue is often kept by any one of the players. Crowding in at every available space are the players. A little to the left, in the back-ground, comes the invariable darkey servant, with the "fuel" to keep up the steam. The picture is completed by a crowd of spongers, loafers, and spectators.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was established by Mr. HENRY BERGH, of New York, in 1865, having for its purpose the prosecution and punishment of all persons guilty of inhuman treatment of dumb brutes. There was great demand for such an association, for the practice of such cruelties to animals as are depicted in the sketch accompanying the portrait of the President, which we publish this week, was, and still is, of painful frequency. Cock and dog fights take place almost every night in the low dens of the metropolis, while every metropolitan reader will have noticed the cruel manner in which car and stage horses are treated by brutal drivers. One looks at the several pictures which



H. BERGH, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

we give, and the question naturally occurs to his mind, "Which are the brutes?"

HENRY BERGH, President of the Society, is one of the first philanthropists of the country, and has made a reputation for himself that will long endure. Mr. BERGH, though still a young man, has been in the public service of the country for a number of years. He was appointed by the late President LINCOLN, in 1861, Secretary of Legation to Russia; and acted in that capacity, and as Consul at St. Petersburg, until 1864. He was then compelled to resign in consequence of his ill-health and the severity of the Russian climate. Shortly before his departure from St. Petersburg he was the recipient of a high honor from the Czar, who, in reply to Mr. BERGH'S request for permission to visit the famous fortress of Cronstadt, tendered him the use of his own royal yacht, a compliment rarely, if ever before, paid to a private citizen.

On his return to America, in 1865, Mr. BERGH organized and obtained the charter of the Association which he now heads. This Society has made great headway, and is all the while making more, as is proved by the constant arrests and convictions—only about half of which, for some reason, are reported by the employés of the press. The measures thus far put in operation at the instance of Mr. BERGH have been of most manifest advantage in the punishment of those guilty of cruelty to animals; and if the measures urged by him upon the Legislature are adopted, and more stringent laws for the protection of dumb animals are promptly passed, we may look to an early millennium for the brute creation.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

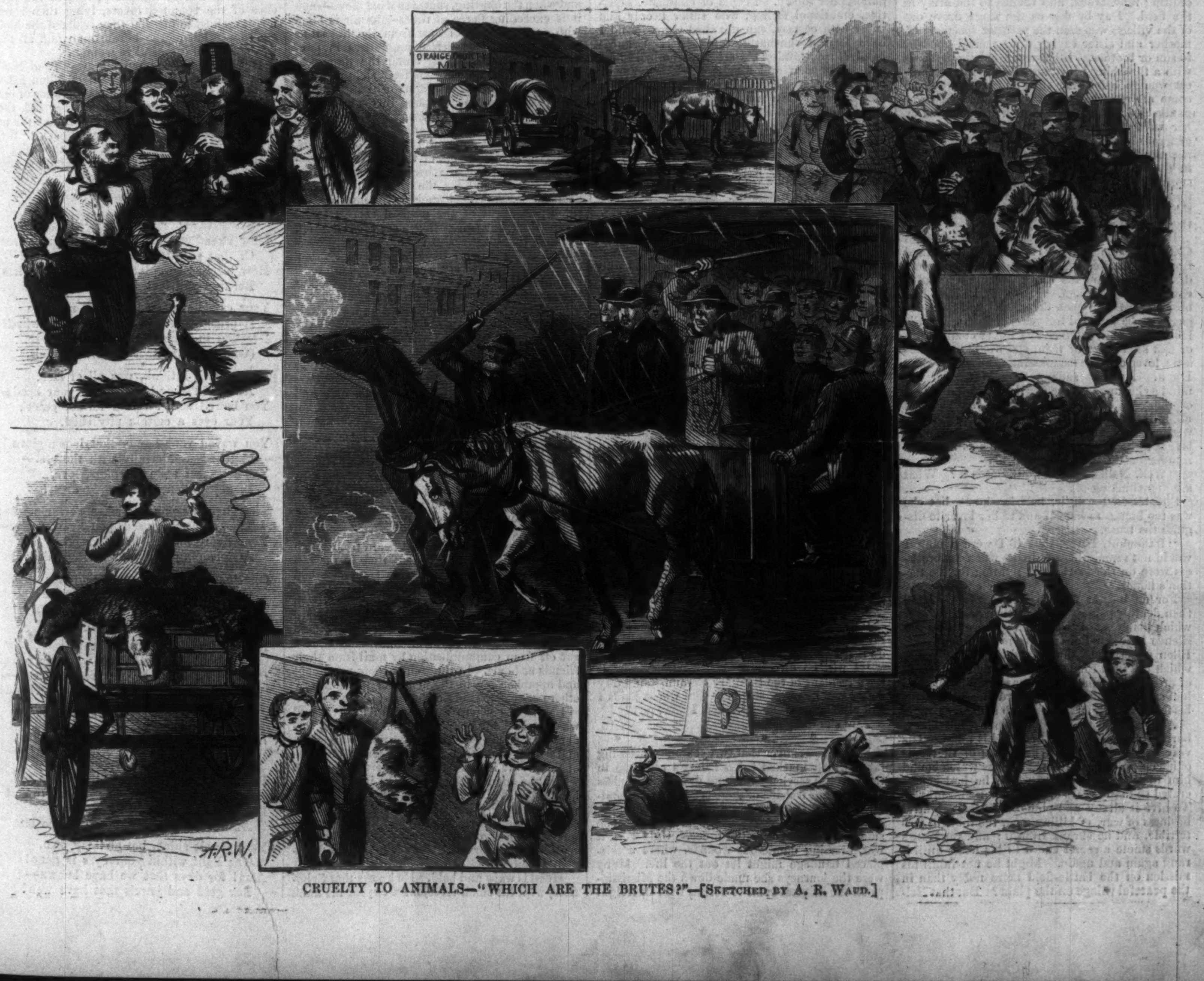
ONE of the most painful incidents of the late snow-storm comes to us from the western part of the State, and is illustrated on page 124 of the present Number of the *Weekly*. An old blind fiddler, who made his living by going from village to village and playing for the amusement of the people, was caught in the late terrible snow-storm and perished. His sole companion was the dog who acted as his guide. Becoming numbed with cold, the old man stopped to rest, and gradually lost all power of locomotion, and perished in the snow as we have depicted in the illustration. The barking of the faithful animal who had been his guide attracted aid too late; and those who went to the old man's assistance found him dead.

ELLEN ELLERY.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

BALZAC, in one of his exquisite stories which analyzes the woman nature with a power exceeded by no other writer, says: "Paris, in our day, possesses many thousand Madames de Sévignés who are able to write with the same purity and elegance, with more force and intelligence, and who do not publish their letters."

It would be an eloquent and fruitful theme for discussion to show the advancement of women since Madame de Sévigné's day in their relation to the progress of literature, art, and science. Although America is the chosen theatre where Women's Rights (so called) finds its most earnest advocates, yet here also has blossomed into beautiful flower the most lovely, the



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—"WHICH ARE THE BRUTES?"—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

gentlest, the noblest traits of woman nature. If Paris can produce a thousand Madames de Sévignés, we may proudly point to our thousands of Florence Nightingales, and it is in this exhibition of character that we love best to gaze upon the women of our country. During the long years of war which visited our land—in the many days, and sad, weary nights in the hospital, on transport ships, upon the battle-field itself—there was not a moment when these noble women were not by the side of the sick or wounded, with gentle hands to apply the soothing balm, or watching the fluttering breathings of him who was dying, contented that his message of faith and love would be sent to the mother, or sister, or wife, waiting and watching way up there among the Northern hills. The names of these heroines of humanity do not appear in thrilling reports of battles lost or won; no titles of brevet mark them for honor and distinction. They are not welcomed to their homes by the plaudits of enthusiastic crowds; but God knows them.

It was a touching tale of patience, endurance, self-sacrifice, of love, that of Ellen Ellery. It was a solemn night when I first saw her, and when I heard the story. The place was at Nashville, in one of the wards of a hospital used for the reception of convalescent patients, or those requiring extraordinary care. I had just left the bedside of a dear comrade whose life trembled in the balance as between that and death. It is a serious case that of a bullet through the lungs. The silence of this hall of pain was hardly broken by the smothered moan of some suffering one. In the dim light the ghostly forms of nursing Sisters of Charity moved noiselessly here and there between the thickly-crowded cots which stretched in shadowy procession into the obscurity of the long room. "Sister Ellen," for thus they named her, lay partially upon the floor by the side of one of the low hospital beds, her head and shoulder resting upon it and the arm of a young man whose white face and hollow eyes told the story of wounds and pain. Propped up by pillows, he was gazing watchfully and tenderly at her as she rested thus, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, and by the tears which stole through the closed lids I should have thought of grief, but a beautiful smile just parted the sensitively curved lips. It was like the singing strain in one of Schuman's melodies in the mournful minor key, lifting its very sadness into a heavenly light of a restful happiness.

Ellen Ellery was a lovely type of our Western women. At the age of nineteen she possessed to a marked degree that free, expansive nature, that energy and self-confidence which seems born of the far-stretching, endless prairie, the big rivers, and ocean-like lakes. When the war broke out the electric thrill of patriotism which shook the land ran through the village of her home in Iowa. The little place was alive with excitement, and one man after another forsook his employment and started off for the recruiting rendezvous, and thence to the army in the field. Day by day as the stage drove out of the village was seen the pathetic spectacle of mother and sister saying their tearful good-by to son or brother. Ellen witnessed these scenes with a throbbing heart, and, like many an earnest woman before her, time and more who will come after, wished she was a man. She was gentle and simple-hearted as a child, proud of her womanhood, yet she yearned with all the generous impulses of her nature for action; and it was yet more unbearable to remain at home in that quiet village when the thunders of the storm of battle followed that terrible calm of the first few months, when, like gladiators of old, the combatants were measuring swords before the shock of conflict.

It was just at this juncture of events that Hugh Cranston came home. He had just graduated from a theological seminary, and had taken orders, and was on his way to take charge of a church in Minnesota. Hugh and Ellen had been in love with each other, and had been engaged to be married for years. Perhaps if Ellen had lived in another and larger community, or had seen more of men, she would have chosen a lover of more demonstrative character than Hugh. At least such a thought crossed her mind as he stood beside her that winter morning of the year 1861. It is possible that she had not yet really known Hugh Cranston. There was a ruddy glow in his healthy face, and a bright light in his clear hazel eyes as he gazed into hers after their first greeting.

"Well, Nellie," he said, "what is it? What are you thinking of?"

She blushed a little, half in shame, but she was too honest to herself and to her lover to disguise the truth.

"I thought, Hugh, that if I were a man I would not remain here at home when my brothers were on the battle-field fighting for the nation's honor."

For an instant Hugh's face was scarlet, and then deathly pale as the sodden snow-drifts over which his eyes now wandered. There was a sad silence between the two lovers for a moment. Ellen experienced that shrinking of the heart, which has in it something of fear and something of dread foreboding; she was sorry for what she had said, and now this haggard face, a moment before so bright, struck her into silence.

As for Hugh he could not speak, but bitter, burning thoughts flashed across his mind. His very soul's welfare and the saving of the souls of his fellow-men were the purposes which bound him to the profession to which he had consecrated so many years of preparation and prayer. To give it all up and plunge into this frightful business of war, of killing men, the thought was terrible, and he shrank from it; and yet Kate's words smote a secret chord in his heart until it rang again and again. Might he not fulfill his mission on the battle-field more nobly than in the peaceful village on the plain? But that Nellie should have reminded him of his duty, and in that reproachful tone; this stung him more than all, and he could not look at her again, and, more in answer to his own thought than her, he said:

"We will see."

Many men under the excitement of the moment might have resolved at once to seize a musket, and, with more or less of dramatic effect, rush off into the ranks of the fighters; but these tragic kind of men are apt to take it leisurely when they come within sound of ponderous explosions, and do their fighting before they start or upon their return home.

Hugh was not one of this kind. His bearing, his walk, the way he held his head square upon his shoulders, his straight chestnut hair, his calm, reflective eyes—all these were indications of his character, which did not jump hastily at a conclusion, but weighed well the reasons in favor of or opposed to a line of action. So he did not reject at once the calling he had chosen, and he said nothing to Nellie about the future again that night, nor the next day, nor the next, when, about to continue his journey to his future home, he bid Nellie good-by. There was an unusual tenderness at this parting. Nellie would have asked forgiveness for what she had said, but she was repelled by a something in Hugh's manner, which was more of sorrow than of anger—a sorrow which did not require sympathy, which might not be questioned.

And so Hugh went away. It is a long while between the parting kiss of lovers and the first letter received. Before Nellie saw again the well-known handwriting days and weeks dragged by. She could not comprehend the reason of Hugh's silence. She did understand it before she had finished reading the letter. The letter ran thus:

"Dearest Nellie,—Until now I have not had the heart to write you. I have passed through one of those terrible struggles which come to men sometimes when they honestly desire to do the right and can not clearly see the way. It is all settled now, Nellie, and I am going to the war. Governor F—— sends me a commission as Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, and with the commission an order came to march to-morrow. It was your exhortation, Nellie, kindly meant, but which cut deep into that pride which even we preachers retain a little of. It was that thorn which pricked me to this course, however, and to-day I thank you for it, for I am conscious in this added service that I am doing a double duty to my God and the country. I can not come to say to you good-by; but I take with me your precious love, a consolation, and a hope. God bless and protect thee, darling! Faithfully, Hugh."

It may have been exceedingly weak for a woman who was strong enough to have wished she was a man to have sat down and cried over this letter; yet Nellie did cry as if her heart would break. But it may as well be noted that it is not only weak people who cry. Just what the relation is between the optical nerves and the mental or spiritual nature of human nature it will puzzle the most profound physiologist and philosopher to say. People of exquisite, sensitive, emotional feeling, who suffer keenly and enjoy with ecstasy, can not shed tears. And I have seen a sun-burnt, rough-bearded, hard-handed, bold-talking old soldier, who had killed a hundred men and fought out four years of hard campaigns, cry till the tears glistened in the sunlight on his red whiskers, because a negro mother plead with him to take away with the marching army her little girl, who, she said, would grow up to a life of outrage or crime, and the old bronzed hero, almost speechless in his tears, had no more power to grant her request than the poor mule who carried the regiment's pots and pans for cooking.

It is not easy to say why men and women cry.

But Nellie cried, and bitterly, for a while. Remorse had something to do with it, perhaps; for she remembered the thought which prompted her speech to Hugh. She was like a child who had bruised her choicest treasure. Apprehension for her lover's safety, sorrow that she could not have said a word of parting, her passion for her new soldier lover, which had increased mightily within a few moments, then gave volume to her tears. But they were not shed in vain. They moistened into life fresh flowers of resolution.

"Why can not I do my part in this work? There is a call for trained nurses at St. Louis. I am not trained, but I can soon learn." It was in the evening, and she ran into the room where her mother sat listening to her father, who, with spectacles upon his nose, was reading the description of the great battle of Shiloh.

"Mother, father," cried Ellen, "I am going down to St. Louis to act as nurse in the hospital! I have just received a letter from Hugh. He has entered the service as a chaplain. I can not stay at home when I know I can be useful down there, and so useful!" Ellen's enthusiasm pictured to her mind bright visions of how much she would accomplish, and the reward a glad heart receives in the doing of good deeds.

Ellen's parents at first objected to this scheme.

"You have no acquaintance in the great city, my child," protested the father. "What will you do there alone and unfriended?"

"I will go directly to Mr. Hartman, who is the President of the Sanitary Commission. My friend will be every suffering soul whose pains I can alleviate. Indeed, father, I must go!"

And she did go.

* * * * * * *

We will pass over that two years of unceasing labor which marked Ellen Ellery's novitiate in the hospital service—the long days and sleepless nights by the bedside of those crushed, torn, shattered bodies of men, administering the cooling draught, lifting the suffering patient from one side of his hard cot to the other. Ugly work it was, dressing dangerous wounds, where a misplaced bandage might let out the life. Many were the journeys she made down the Mississippi on the hospital boats to return with its freight of agony, which often was relieved by death. A life of labor was this, where the strain upon the heart was more exhausting than that of the hand; but Ellen never halted nor fainted. A divine resolution sustained her through every emergency.

She is changed somewhat from the country girl we saw in Iowa—the fair, ruddy face is pale and care-worn, the blue eyes are sunken with watching; but she has an angelic expression—a beatific resignation, which only comes with abnegation—with the entire sacrifice of self.

During those two years Ellen had received frequent news of Hugh. At times it came from the lips of a wounded soldier, who spoke with affection and reverence of Chaplain Cranston, but most often in the form of letters from Hugh. This is one of them:

"Chickamauga Battle-field.

"Dearest Nellie,—A few moments only can be devoted to-night to my darling. The air is heavy with the sighs of our wounded, dying comrades; and my time is theirs.

"You will not care to know the details of the fight; yours and my duty lies with its victims. I am at one end of the line of pain, and you at the other. A sad bond of sympathy is this, which unites us more closely than ever. You can imagine that I have but little to do of what is mainly called preaching.

"If ever there was a place where sermons are best delivered by acts of Christian love and faith, and not by mere words, it is in the army; and I try to do my duty in that way. But, Nellie, oh, how large is the field! * * * *

"Your letters are a beautiful happiness to me. May Heaven shield thee from all harm!

"Affectionately, Hugh."

Nellie kissed this letter, sacred to her, and laid it close to her loving heart. Hugh was something more than her lover now.

* * * * * * *

That terrible disease, more dreaded by the surgeon than the rifles of the foe, the erysipelas, with incipient small-pox, was spreading rapidly through the crowded hospitals of St. Louis, and separate buildings had been set apart for the reception of patients who contracted this added suffering to their wounds. Shocking, loathsome charnel-houses were these, where many a brave surgeon had fallen victim at his post. It was well-nigh impossible to obtain male nurses for their sick; those who entered this infectious atmosphere must remain—they said adieu to the outside world, not seldom, forever. Ellen applied to the Medical Director for orders to enter as nurse. She was at once and imperatively refused. She asked again: "It is almost certain death; I will not order you there," was the reply. She persisted again and again as did the good disciple who would not leave his Lord. At last unofficial permission was reluctantly given, and for weeks and months Ellen Ellery did menial service in this lazar-house.

The summer came with burning, scorching heat. If there be one spot upon the earth more uncomfortable than another it is St. Louis in the summer time. At the same thermometrical temperature it is hotter than any other locality; and when the blasting, southern wind blows—and it is exceeding fierce at times—the air is filled with opaque clouds of dust from the limestone pavements, this pulverized mass rises in ponderous volume, sweeping along the thoroughfares, obscuring near objects from sight, drifting through every crack or cranny of the dwellings, enshrouding damask curtains in a ghostly veil of white, settling down upon carpets and furniture until all local color, as the artist would say, is destroyed. It enters the mouth and nostrils, it fills the eyes and ears of the unfortunate victims who nearly lose senses and entirely lose their patience, but for the time it can not be avoided. For the wretched inmates of the small-pox wards of the hospital there was no escape from this suffocating heat, this blinding, choking lime-dust. But strong-hearted, noble-souled Ellen Ellery, like the Roman sentinel who stood on guard at the Pompeiian gate until entombed in Etna's ashes, so Ellen remained at her post in this shower of fire, while about her disease, and pain, and death held high carnival.

Slowly the summer passed away. With the autumn frosts and cold the disease began to abate. How Ellen was able to resist the infection, to withstand the unceasing wear and tear upon her nervous and physical system, only the heavenly angels know who watch over and protect their earthly sisters. The exhaustion of her body she was not herself conscious of. As for her spiritual nature, it had, by constant, undeviating devotion to the good and happiness of others, reached that divine height of charity and love that it had long ago ceased to be self-sacrificing. To her there was no merit in good deeds. The love of the neighbor had become the necessity of her existence. One sorrow only rippled the crystal surface of her life—for several weeks she had not heard from Hugh Cranston. It was just at that time in the fall of 1864 when the Confederate General Hood had made his wild dash in the rear of Sherman's army. The newspapers of the North were filled with conflicting rumors, and for a while that portion of the Federal forces where Hugh was serving south of Chattanooga were cut off from communication by mail from their friends at home. In those days there was doubt and apprehension in the hearts of thousands of others besides that of our heroine, Ellen Ellery.

Let us see where the chaplain lover is and what he is doing. Sherman has detached, under command of Schofield, a portion of his army, and sent them northward. Hugh Cranston is one of them. It is not for a while certainly known where the enemy are or where he intends to go, but the banks of the Tennessee are soon thronged with his hungry horde, and cautious Thomas, from far and near, calls in his outlying detachments to his strong-hold at Nashville, where he means to wait for the development of his opponent's plan.

Hood is wary and bold. He knows that Schofield, with his small force, must expose his flank as he passes northward to Nashville, and so, like a tiger, he springs upon him. A wild, furious assault was that at Franklin, where Confederate Generals led their men up to the Union breast-works and over them through the reserved line of Union braves. It was irresistible, that charge. Nine men fell dead, but the one in ten leaped the parapet and crossed bayonets with his foe. The Stars and Bars waved over the Stars and Stripes. For a moment it seemed as if the Federal cause was lost. So thought Hugh Cranston as the gray-coats rushed into the field hospital tent, where he was assisting the surgeons. And then this minister of the Gospel did what he had not done before in all this four years of war—what he little dreamed he ever could have done. Human nature gets the better of the best of men sometimes. Whether it was that Hugh was averse to any lengthened residence at Andersonville, or whether his sense of manly honor and generosity was outraged to the fighting point, certain it is that, when he saw one of the victors strike a wounded Union soldier because he clung to a ring which the other was stealing from his finger, he seized a musket and knocked the cowardly thief down, not minding much where the blow fell. The fellow never rose again; and for the succeeding five minutes the chaplain found he had more men to fight; and in close quarters, as the tent was, a clubbed musket in a strong man's hands, when that man is infuriated, is a dangerous and effective weapon. Hugh, now that his blood was fairly up, did not stop when the tent was cleared of the gray color, but rushed into the open air. He rallied the disordered men, and assailed with reckless daring the enemy, who, now beaten at the other end of the line, began to waver, and, as they fled, in the moment of success Hugh felt a crashing sensation in the left leg above the knee, and in an instant a thug in his side. As he fell senseless he could hear the shouts of his comrades far in the advance, and his last thought was, "We have retrieved the day. Thank God!" Probably that was the most fervent, happy, thankful prayer he had uttered since he had left his Northern home.

In the reports of the battle of Franklin which were printed in the St. Louis papers was this paragraph:

"Hugh Cranston, Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, was dangerously wounded by two musket-balls—one through his side below the ribs, the other breaking the bones of the left leg above the knee, rendering amputation necessary. Mr. Cranston, who is loved by all who know him, at the time he received his wounds displayed the most splendid gallantry in leading a counter-charge at a critical moment in the battle."

Our hero did not regain consciousness until some two weeks after he received his wounds. When he did open his eyes to returning health and to the light of reason they gazed into the pale, loving face of Ellen Ellery.

As I listened to this story, told in the presence of the reunited lovers, lying then before me, it seemed to me that they realized the highest conception of the heroic man and all that was noble and beautiful in woman.

Duty soon carried me far away from Nashville, and I never heard again of Ellen Ellery and Hugh Cranston; but, like thousands of others who did in a manner what they did, they have become a part of the social life of the nation. I presume they have gone back to their quiet village on the prairie. In the light of their love, consecrated by such memories, their life must be very beautiful.

IN THE PARK!

How sweet you looked, love, in your dress
Of that pale blue you wore at noon!
How bright your glance—and not the less
Because you looked away so soon!

Your carriage passed so near my side
It brushed me, walking, with its wheels;
I looked in time to see the bride!
(One look at times a world reveals.)

Your shawl, I think, was all of lace,
And gold kissed gold upon your head;
You bowed with all your former grace;
Your eyes a certain pity shed.

You waved your hand—that lemon glove
Matched wonderfully with the rest—
You'd perfect taste in colors, love,
In days when even simply drest!

Though quick you passed, a perfume rose;
That scent you used, you know, *before*—
Your figure swayed in soft repose;
And leaning o'er your carriage door

One hand I saw, so small and fair,
Ungloved; and on a finger white
The ring I gave you—with my hair,
Plain set in gold—one silly night!

He sat, I noticed, on the seat
Next yours—he'd ask you, when you bowed,
"Who he might be you rose to greet?—
Whose eyes were those amid the crowd?"

And you will answer—as the red
Will tremble in your cheek, perchance—
"That friend I knew ere I was wed,
With whom, a girl, I used to dance!"

Poor fool! And then—with jealous eye,
Whose light so soon has learned to hate—
He'll watch and hear a little sigh,
And cold lips murmur, "Ah, too late!"

Your jewels shine, but ah! my own,
The light within your eyes is gone!
Alas! for days that we have known—
For gold and jewels that have won!

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 12, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—Being in this somewhat thickly-populated village last Thursday, and, moreover, being a family man and a great admirer of fine cooks and cooking, and finding a large portion of the community all in a stew on the subject, I went to hear a Professor BLOT over his French cooking (for the proper appreciation of the pun here dished up, you must understand that the Professor's name is pronounced *Blow;* reading it the other way would *blot* out the joke, so to speak), and to see his man, "JEAN," dressed up in an apron and cap—both of which looked as if they had just been dredged with the flour-dredger—stir the broth, while the Professor added the spice, in the way of some garlicky remarks on American cooking. This lecture, which I learned was the fourth of the series, was much like all the others, which consisted mainly in cooking meats away to nothing, and then with an onion making a soup out of the broth.

Among the various dishes was

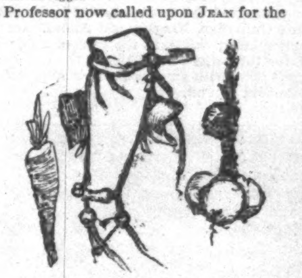
A REAL FRENCH "SUPE,"

which took the fancy of the ladies immensely, and, I sincerely believe, contributed more than any one thing else to the Professor's popularity with those ladies about to commence housekeeping. Standing among the dishes, with his linen cap in the shape of a dish-cover, wreaths of steam circling his face—which always, when on duty, wore a parboiled expression—he looked the very *essence* of a French cook; his whole soul seemed absorbed in his dishes; all of his finer feelings and affections, in vulgar parlance, "gone to pot."

Before the Professor commenced his *fêtes* in cooking he announced his Bill of Fare, which embraced the following charming variety:

Blinker Soup.	Hors de Combat.
Fish.	Froggee a la Mode.
Fricassee Froggee.	Fish.
Equine Bake.	Onions a la Stew.
Fish.	Sorrel Horse.
Boned Froggee.	Stir.

The Professor now called upon JEAN for the



INGREDIENTS FOR THE FIRST COURSE,

which consisted of a well-seasoned pair of "Blinkers" from one of the Passenger Railway Company's stables, four onions, and one carrot of moderate growth.—Said the Professor: "It is an error to suppose that good meals must necessarily be expensive. If the cooking is right the ingredients may be of the humblest description. These articles," continued the Professor, "can be had any where in the suburbs of our large cities, and, if thoroughly boiled, seasoned, stirred, and allowed to simmer—not too hot, or you will break the fat—may be served up, and no one, if the brass ornaments are first carefully removed, will be able to tell the compounds or the exact cost of the dish."

The Professor now read some notes aloud from ladies, questioning him on his subject—which questions, I learned, he had invited on a previous occasion. One, from a professional cook in one of the West End families, showed what interest was taken in the subject by that class of the community. It read as follows:

"MISTHER BLOT,—Afther hearin' your lectur in the Assimbly Buildin, on cookin dinners and the loik, I thought I would ask, by your parmishun, if you think the cook ought to schour the knives and forrucks when she's imployed as a first-class cook at three dollars a wake, and one day out? It is a great dhraine on me's time to do the schouring, and wash the plates, and cook so many Frinch dishes as the misthress wants since she sint me to your own lectur, and I wish you would say to the misthresses as hears you that they should niver come into a cook's kitchen, nor niver ask her to go out of it, excipt on her day out, which no lady would deny to a nager.

"BRIDGET O'FLANAGIN.

"To Misther BLOT, Frinch Cook."

The Professor said he had often received letters from the ladies in America, and it gave him great pleasure to know that his matinées excited so much interest; and before he proceeded further with his bill of fare he would make some remarks on behavior at the table, giving the rules established in Paris for the government of good society in that department.

First.—You must not "castle" with your knife and fork. The knife moves in a horizontal direction, from right to left, and *vice versa*, like the "rook," but can not capture any thing on the board. If it should move forward or backward from you great care must be taken that your food does not slip off your plate on to the cloth or into your lap. Such movements, though sometimes made, are always attended with danger. The fork has more the power of the "knight," moves vertically in an eccentric curve, and can capture any thing on the board.

Second.—In carving a goose place your fork firmly into the bird, for fear the breast-bone may glance off, and the fowl slide into the lap of a guest. Should such a *contre-temps* happen do not stick your fork at the bird, like a harpoon, as you might miss your mark, or, at least, terrify your guest; but simply say, in a low tone, smiling, "Madam, I'll thank you for that goose!" This will put the burden of the awkwardness, like the goose, on your guest, and relieve you of the difficulty of getting it back to the dish.

The Professor now returned to his bill of fare. The next thing he took hold of was "Boned Froggee." Taking the animal by the head, and severing the skin just below the ears, he, by a dextrous jerk, pulled the skin completely off until it just held by the toes. He then blew up the skin, and presented his pupils with the sight of two "froggees," one boned and the other for fricassee. Jean took it, replaced the skin, when it was set aside for a future lecture. Next in order was "Equine Bake." Take a little sorrel, about fourteen and a half hands high, remove his harness, and then take his spare ribs and put in a pan with a bucket of water. While baking make a gravy of a quart of oats, a little corn, and two onions, and baste the ribs well, when they will soon begin to fill out, and your sorrel will be fit for use. A lady here asked "Where the sorrel could be had?" The Professor said, "'Most any where along the road-side; a passenger railway sorrel would do." Another lady wished to know if you stirred it. The Professor said generally they were very difficult to stir until their ribs were well basted.

The Professor now asked the ladies to come up to the stand and to

BRING THEIR SPOONS WITH THEM,

and he would explain more particularly how to get up family broils, which was, indeed, a very simple operation. It is done, he said, by simply going to live with your husband's mother. Your broils will never be *rare* after that.

The ladies, to show their appreciation of the Professor's lessons in the noble art of self-dependence, signified their desire of presenting him with

A PIECE OF PLATE

of the celebrated "bridge and willow-tree" pattern, that has gone all around the world, and which the Professor recognized as part of that plate in which so many of his youthful loves had been dished.

With this interesting ceremony the lecture closed. The ladies, after examining Jean with their opera-glasses, left the hall. I myself think the Professor overdone. Your own C. O. W.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF New York was the metropolis of a barbarous country, and its inhabitants only semi-civilized, there could scarcely be a worse state of things in some respects than is now tolerated. We have in mind, just at present, the frequent, and even violent, attacks made upon passengers in our city cars by pickpockets and thieves. Every day people's pockets are rifled, and gangs of desperadoes, who are known to be watching for an opportunity, infest the cars, and no one molests *them* or makes *them* afraid. A case in point recently occurred, and it is only one among many. The Librarian of the Astor Library, while attempting to get out of one of the Third Avenue cars, was forcibly held by a gang, who robbed him of $85, and then threw him violently from the car. The conductor, evidently afraid of the robbers, paid no attention to his cries for help; and a policeman whom the Librarian soon met, and to whom he pointed out the car, said he could render him no assistance whatever. Such a state of things is a deep disgrace to any city.

By the Report of the Central Park Commissioners we learn of many interesting improvements which are proposed for our already beautiful Park. A large building is in process of construction for the exclusive benefit and enjoyment of the children. This play-house will be partially covered, and shaded by climbing plants; and will form a delightful retreat for the little ones in the hot days of summer. The avenues leading to this spot will be so arranged as to be secure from carriages, quiet, and shady. Croquet grounds are also to be provided for the lovers of that game; and in various other ways the facilities for enjoyment greatly increased.

By an act of the State Legislature the sum of $3500 has been appropriated to preparing a model of a Massachusetts school-house for the Paris Exhibition. It is designed to construct a room twenty-five or thirty feet square, so arranged as to be set up easily on its arrival in Paris. This room is to be thoroughly furnished with the most approved school apparatus and books. Donations from dealers will doubtless be received, from which selections will be made.

A Southern paper states that fifteen young ladies and gentlemen of Stephensport, Kentucky, were severely poisoned a short time ago by eating what is called "marble cake," in which cochineal is mixed.

It is said that there are no lace curtains in Paris large enough for the windows of the White House at Washington, and some are being made to order.

A touching incident, which occurred in Chicago during our last snow-storm, will excite the deepest sympathy in every lady's heart—and *head.* It appears that late in the afternoon, just as the shades of evening were gathering in as if to keep company with the stealing march of the snow-flakes, a young lady with a waterfall of greater size than usual was riding along in a sleigh, which she must have occupied (in company with a young gentleman) for some time, as the aforesaid waterfall was covered with snow.—Another sleigh drove along behind, the horse attached to which being evidently hungry made a sudden rush and took the ample appendage into his capacious mouth. The young lady screamed, the horse started, the hair-pins came out, and the unfortunate individual found the back of her head bare of all except nature's covering. She modestly drew a veil over the scene.

The Southern papers are very ingenious in inventing curious stories to illustrate *their* views of the character of Northerners. Some of them are really amusing. A Virginia journal gives the following incident as indicating its opinion of "Puritanic hospitality:" A distinguished Southern clergyman was invited to the house of an eminent Northern lawyer, and in the midst of the conversation the family dinner was announced. "My dear Mr. S——," said the hospitable lawyer, "our dinner is ready and we must beg you to excuse us for a short time. Be good enough to glance at my library while we are dining." The wife, however, not liking to lose the interesting conversation of the guest, is represented as saying: "Perhaps, Mr. S——, you would prefer sitting by the fire in the dining-room and continuing your interesting and edifying remarks while we are eating our dinner." We really suppose there *are* people who will swallow such a story with avidity. We are sorry for them.

A young *lady* (she certainly deserves the name) only thirteen years old is said to be in the employ of a large manufacturing company, in Chicago, as *paymaster.* She has paid out since last May a quarter of a million of dollars, keeping the time-sheets, pay-roll, and a private account-book with and for each of the three or four hundred men employed. She receives the money weekly from the bank to the amount of 4000 to 5000 dollars, carries the transaction of paying all the men through, and settles and makes her balances with the cashier. She commands a salary of 625 dollars per annum, takes two music-lessons each week, and attends an evening course at a commercial college, where she has a scholarship. She is in the most robust and vigorous health, never has a day's sickness, and stands ten hours each day at her desk. If the reports concerning this child (for she is no more in years) are true, she is certainly one of the wonders of the age.

Those who sew a good deal often acquire a bad habit of biting their thread off, instead of using scissors. That this is a dangerous practice has recently been proved in France, where a large number of seamstresses have been suffering from violent colics from putting the silk they use in sewing into their mouths. This is attributed to sulphate of lead, and the presence of that deleterious substance is explained by the fact that, as the silk is sold by weight, some manufacturers mix the sulphate with it to make it heavier. Careful analysis has been made of many different samples of thread, and in almost every case not only the sulphate but the acetate (or sugar) of lead was found in large quantities. Ladies should be upon their guard—and we think the *manufacturers* might as well be so also.

We notice in an English journal a remedy for burns, given by a "Regular Practitioner." It may be familiar to many; but it is well for every body to know a remedy which may be promptly applied to burns. This is one. Mix common whitening with sweet oil, or with water. Lay on and around the burned surface a thick coat of the mixture. Keep it moist, and at night cover it with flannel, or something which will prevent rapid evaporation. This acts like a charm, and the most agonizing pain is eased.

The longevity of M. Auber, who was born in 1784, is the cause of his being made the point of many a joke. It is said that not long since he was met at his own door by a gentleman who appeared to be looking for some one. "What do you seek?" "Monsieur Auber," replied the stranger. "I am Monsieur Auber." "Impossible! I have been sent to embalm Monsieur Auber, who is dead." "Ah," replied the composer, ironically, and with the quintessence of politeness, as it seemed, "I never so much regretted to be in the world as at this moment that I stand before you."

The most striking phases of fashion just now are short dresses, which are really sensible, and towering *chignons*, which are ridiculous in the extreme, being often of an exaggerated size, with two extravagantly long curls at the back in the place of ribbons. No lady's head is so formed as to be improved by such an unnatural structure on the top of it. Those who, in addition, "*frizzle*" the front hair elaborately, and have a "*choker*" in the neck of their dresses, finished off with a broad white ruffle, present very correct duplicates of portraits we have seen of Mary Queen of Scots and "good Queen Bess."

It is far better taste to accept the decrees of fashion in moderation instead of adopting these eccentric extremes.

A certain noble lady has addressed a letter to the Ladies' Sanitary Commission, London, on the benefit of going barefoot. In support of her innovation she instances the magnificent gait of a barefoot Highland girl, and the elastic play of every muscle, and compares her feet with those girls who have been tortured in boots. We wonder if the "Comtesse" is going to support her precept by example.

Rome has experienced a sensation in the form of a genuine practical joke. The story is in substance as follows:

A crowd assembled in the streets, watching anxiously a window in the fifth story of a house. At this window was a sad-looking young man, evidently a sculptor, who was leaning against the bar and listening to the supplications of a younger artist, who was trying to persuade him not to throw himself down. To all his solicitations no answer was returned, and nothing seemed to shake the determination of the sculptor in the red cap. "Why don't they force the door?" cried some one. "Against the law," was the reply; "but the commissaire of police has been sent for." A good old woman with her wits about her rushed out of a house with a couple of mattresses to deaden the fall. The police were long in coming; the dispute at the window grew more lively; the hundreds in the streets were breathless with excitement. Suddenly the young man bounded over the balustrade, and was whirling through space, and just clearing the mattress, fell. The crowd was rushing forward, when a woman's voice was heard at the fatal window, and before any one could interfere she jumped into eternity. A woman dressed in mourning, evidently the mother, followed; she seemed to allow herself to slip from the window, and fell with a crash into the street. The crowd rushed forward to the bodies, and raised up three—lay figures who did not require the benefit of the clergy. The room on the fifth floor was a studio, and the artists who perpetrated this lugubrious joke announced the termination of the seventeenth representation. No wonder the commissaire of police did not arrive.

At one of the military hospitals established by the Prussian Government during the late war a circular saw, worked by steam, was used for the purpose of amputating such limbs of wounded soldiers as the surgeon shall direct to be taken off.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was a young lady, Miss Carrow,
Who would go to church on a barrow;
And when she stuck in the aisle
She said, with a smile,
"They make these 'ere churches too narrow."

A TRANSPARENT SHAM.—Clear mock turtle.

Why should Catherine's pet-name be very popular just now?—Because it's Kate's.

MARRIAGE GRIEFS.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live."

The only shares that are sure to turn up all right—Plow-shares.

TO A COQUETTE.

How often have you told me, dear,
That patience is a virtue?
I'm nearly out of it, I fear,
You flighty little flirt, you.
I mean to throw your chains away
And fit some other set on—
Forgetting that unlucky day,
The day that first we met on.

I mean to play a bolder part,
And (slowly, dear, but surely)
Win back the lacerated heart
You thought your own securely.
The toy I take away from you
Shall be elsewhere presented,
And still may look as good as new
If properly cemented.

I'll send you back the lock of hair;
The photograph (untinted)—
It made you younger than you were,
As I've already hinted.
I'll send the letters, every note—
Why, folks would hardly credit
The sprawly, peaky hand you wrote:
And yet I always read it.

About the brooches and the rings—
You may as well return them.
My letters, too, the silly things;
I wish at once to burn them.
Farewell; but stay, we *must* contrive
One meeting ere we sever;
I'll call to-morrow, dear, at five,
To say "Farewell forever!"

Weak doses of washboard are now recommended to ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood-saw.

A Philadelphia clergyman, in the course of a sermon, recently remarked: "You need not clasp your hands so fervently in prayer that you can't get them open when the contribution box comes around."

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones. "Home, Sir, home; don't detain me. I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No; she has left that off, and turned expensive."

A chap from the country, lately visiting Delmonico's, came to the word halibut among the list of fish on his bill of fare, and never having seen or tasted any, thought he would try some.

"Have you any halibut?" said he.

WAITER. "Yes, Sir."

"Bring me a couple."

Why is a billiard-player like a thief in a crowd?—Because he aims for the pockets.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say:
"Like Samson I my thousands slay."
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

NOSELESS MEN.—A man who has lost his nose, says an old Scotch journal, has peculiar advantages. He can not follow his nose; but then he can not be poking it in every thing. He can not blow his nose; but then he can not take snuff, which is, however, another. If he goes to sleep you can not tickle his nose; and when he is awake he can not run his nose against a post. Let him drink hard, he will never have a red nose, and never will be exposed to the nickname of Nosey; and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false nose, "I'll pull your nose." "Sir," replied he, "I'll put my nose in my pocket."

FAST YOUNG MEN'S MOTTO.—*Meet* and drink.

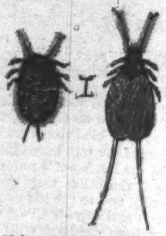
"Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a gift for his fair."

"Yes, Sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently; "I raised them 'ere birds from canary-seed!"

"MY FAVORITE"

Actor.—Self in "Seven Parts."
Amusement.—*The Game of Speculation.*
Artist.—*Not* the lady who paints.
Book.—My banker's.
Exercise.—A run on a Bank.
Motto.—One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
Play.—Upon words.

The pedigree of shoddy is thus given: These are the generations of Pshawdee.—Pshawd, who came from Jonbool, begat Pedullah; and Pedullah begat Rheet Aylah; and Rheet Aylah begat Jobbah; and Jobbah begat Holz Ayl, and Holz Ayl begat Kandphyssh; and Kandphyssh begat Pshawdee.



Male and Female Cochineal.

Sting of a Prickly Gnat (magnified).

The Dazzling Chrysops.

COLLECTING COCHINEAL IN ALGERIA.

Chrysalis of the Cabbage Caterpillar.

GATHERING COCHINEAL.

THE cochineal is an insect found chiefly in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and the West Indies. It was formerly in Mexico only that much attention was given to its culture; but it is now extensively reared in the southern portion of the United States. Although indigenous to America, it has been successfully introduced into Java and other tropical countries. The scene represented in the large engraving is the gathering of the cochineal. Wild cochineal is collected six times in the year, but that which is cultivated is collected only thrice during the same period. There are about 70,000 of these insects to a pound. They are detached from the plants on which they feed by a blunt knife, are put into bags, dipped in boiling water to kill them, and then dried in the sun. Cochineal is principally used in the dyeing of crimson, scarlet, and other esteemed colors. The water infusion is of a violet crimson, the alcoholic of a deep crimson, and the alkaline of a deep purple or violet hue. It is imported in bags, each containing about 200 pounds, and has the appearance of small, shriveled berries of a deep brown, purple, or mulberry color, with white matter between the wrinkles. They suffer no change from the length of time during which they are kept. For a long time after cochineal began to be imported into Europe it was supposed to be a sort of vegetable, grain, or seed. It is used extensively in the coloring of sugar candies. It is an expensive coloring matter, and lac and madder have superseded it to some extent.

Our illustrations of the cochineal and its gathering are from the work of M. FIGUIER, *On Insects*, recently published in Paris. The accompanying engravings are from the same work, and represent some curious and interesting specimens of the insect world.

HOW A MAN FEELS WITH HIS HEAD OFF.

IT is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation; for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and, like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a cimeter before; nor, like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that, having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and the fact is attested by Fontenello, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called, in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half-closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

LOST IN THE SNOW.—[SEE PAGE 121.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book XXX.—Heaping up Riches.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE LAWN.

LIFE at the Lawn went by very smoothly for Mr. Sheldon's family. Georgy was very happy in the society of a companion who seemed really to have a natural taste for the manufacture of pretty little head-dresses from the merest fragments of material in the way of lace and ribbon. Diana had all that versatile cleverness and capacity for expedients which is likely to be acquired in a wandering and troubled life. She had learned more in her three years of discomfort with her father than in all the undeviating course of the Hyde Lodge studies; she had improved her French at one *table d'hôte*, her German at another; she had caught some new trick of style in every concert-room, some fresh combination of costume on every race-course; and, being really grateful for Charlotte's disinterested affection, she brought all her accomplishments to bear to please her friend and her friend's household.

In this she succeeded admirably. Mrs. Sheldon found her daughter's society much more delightful now that the whole pressure of Charlotte's intellect and vitality no longer fell entirely upon herself. She liked to sit lazily in her arm-chair while the two girls chattered at their work, and she could venture an occasional remark, and fancy that she had a full share in the conversation. When the summer weather rendered walking a martyrdom, and driving an affliction, she could recline on her favorite sofa reading a novel, soothed by the feeble twittering of her birds; while Charlotte and Diana went out together, protected by the smart boy in buttons, who was not altogether without human failings, and was apt to linger behind his fair charges, reading the boards before the doors of newsvendors' shops, or looking at the cartoons in *Punch* exhibited in the stationers' windows.

Mr. Sheldon made it a point of pleasing his step-daughter whenever it was possible for him to do so without palpable inconvenience to himself; and as she was to be gratified by so small a pecuniary sacrifice as the trifling increase of tradesmen's bills caused by Miss Paget's residence in the Gothic villa, he was the last man in the world to refuse her that indulgence. His own pursuits were of so absorbing a nature as to leave little leisure for concern about other people's business. He asked no questions about his step-daughter's companion; but he was not the less surprised to see this beautiful high-bred woman content to sit at his board as an unsalaried dependent.

"Your friend Miss Paget looks like a countess," he said one day to Charlotte. "I thought girls generally pitched upon some plain, homely young woman for their pet companion, but you seem to have chosen the handsomest girl in the school."

"Yes, she is very handsome, is she not? I wish some of your rich City men would marry her, papa."

Miss Halliday consented to call her mother's husband "Papa," though the caressing name seemed in a manner to stick in her throat. She had loved that blusterous good-tempered Tom Halliday so very dearly, and it was only to please poor Georgy that she brought herself to address any other man by the name that had been his.

"My City men have something better to do than to marry a young woman without a sixpence," answered Mr. Sheldon. "Why don't you try to catch one of them for yourself?"

"I don't like City men," said Charlotte, quickly; and then she blushed, and added apologetically, "at least not the generality of City men, papa."

Diana had waited until her destiny was settled before answering Valentine Hawkehurst's letter; but she wrote to him directly she was established at the Lawn, and told him the change in her plans.

"I think papa had better let me come to see him at his lodgings," she said, "wherever they may be; for I should scarcely care about Mr. Sheldon seeing him. No one here knows any thing definite about my history; and as it is just possible Mr. Sheldon may have encountered my father somehow or other, it would be as well for him to keep clear of this house. I could not venture to say this to papa myself, but perhaps you could suggest it without offending him. You see I have grown very worldly-wise, and am learning to protect my own interests in the spirit which you have so instilled into me. I don't know whether that sort of spirit is likely to secure one's happiness, but I have no doubt it's the wisest and best for this world."

Miss Paget could not refrain from an occasional sneer when she wrote to her old companion. He never returned her sneers or noticed them. His letters were always frank, friendly, and brotherly in tone.

"Neither my good opinion nor my bad opinion is of any consequence to him," Diana thought, bitterly.

It was late in August when Captain Paget and his protégé came to town. Valentine suggested the wisdom of leaving Diana in her new home uncompromised by any past associations. But this was a suggestion which Horatio Paget could not accept. His brightest successes in the way of scheming had been matured out of chance acquaintanceships with eligible men. A man who could afford such a luxury as a companion for his daughter must needs be eligible, and the Captain was not inclined to sacrifice his acquaintance from any extreme delicacy.

"My daughter seems to have made new friends for herself, and I should like to see what kind of people they are," he said, conclusively. "We'll look them up this evening, Val."

Mr. George Sheldon dined at the Lawn on the day on which Horatio Paget determined on "looking up" his daughter's new friends, and he and the two girls were strolling in the garden when the Captain and Mr. Hawkehurst were announced. They had been told that Miss Paget was in the garden.

"Be good enough to take me straight to her," said the Captain, to the boy in buttons; "I am her father."

Horatio Paget was too old a tactician not to know that by an unceremonious plunge into the family circle he was more likely to secure an easy footing in the household than by any direct approach of the master. He had seen the little group in the garden, and had mistaken George for the head of the house.

Diana turned from pale to red, and from red to pale again, as she recognized the two men. There had been no announcement of their coming. She did not even know that they were in England.

"Papa!" she cried, and then held out her hand and greeted him; coldly enough, as it seemed to Charlotte, who fancied that any kind of *real* father must be very dear.

MR. HAWKEHURST AND THE GIRLS.

But Captain Paget was not to be satisfied by that cold greeting. It suited his purpose to be especially paternal on this occasion. He drew his daughter to his breast and embraced her affectionately, very much to that young lady's surprise.

Then, having abandoned himself entirely for the moment to this tender impulse of paternity, he suddenly put his daughter aside, as if he had all at once remembered his duty to society, drew himself up stiffly, and saluted Miss Halliday and George Sheldon with uncovered head.

"Mr. Sheldon, I believe?" he murmured.

"George Sheldon," answered that gentleman; "my brother Philip is in the drawing-room yonder, looking at us."

Philip Sheldon came out into the garden as George said this. It was one of those sultry evenings on which the most delightful of Gothic villas is apt to be too stifling for endurance; and in most of the prim suburban gardens there were people lounging listlessly among the flower-beds. Mr. Sheldon came to look at this patrician stranger who had just embraced his daughter's companion; whereupon Captain Paget introduced himself and his friend Mr. Hawkehurst. After the introduction Mr. Sheldon and the Captain fell into an easy conversation, while the two girls walked slowly along the gravel pathway with Valentine by their side, and while George loitered drearily along chewing the stalk of a geranium, and pondering the obscure reminiscences of the last oldest inhabitant whose shadowy memories he had evoked in his search after new links in the chain of the Haygarths.

The two girls walked in the familiar school-girl fashion of Hyde Lodge, Charlotte's arm encircling the waist of her friend. They were both dressed in white muslin, and looked very shadowy and sylph-like in the summer dusk. Mr. Hawkehurst found himself in a new atmosphere in this suburban garden, with these two white-robed damsels by his side; for it seemed that Diana with Charlotte's arm round her waist, and a certain shy gentleness of manner which was new to him, was quite a different person from that Miss Paget whose wan face had looked at him so anxiously in the saloons of the Belgian Kursaal.

At first there was considerable restraint in the tone of the conversation, and some little of that unnecessary discussion as to whether this evening was warmer than the preceding evening, or whether it was not, indeed, the warmest evening of all that summer. And then, when the ice was broken, Mr. Hawkehurst began to talk at his ease about Paris, which city Miss Halliday had never seen; about the last book, the last play, the last folly, the last fashionable bonnet; for it was one of the special attributes of this young Robert Macaire to be able to talk about any thing, and to adapt himself to any society. Charlotte opened her eyes to their widest extent as she listened to this animated stranger. She had been so wearied by the dryasdust arguments of City men who had discussed the schemes of great contractors, "which will never be carried out, Sir, while money is at its present rate, mark my words"—or the chances of a company "which is eaten up by debenture-bonds and preference-shares, Sir, and will never pay its original proprietors one sixpence of interest on their capital," with a great deal more of the same character; and it was quite new to her to hear about novels, theatres, and bonnets, from masculine lips, and to find that there were men living who could interest themselves in such frivolities. Charlotte was delighted with Diana's friend. It was she who encouraged Valentine every now and then by some exclamation of surprise or expression of interest, while Miss Paget herself was thoughtful and silent.

It was not thus that she had hoped to meet Valentine Hawkehurst. She stole a look at him now and then as he walked by her side. Yes, it was the old face—the face which would have been so handsome if there had been warmth and life in it, instead of that cold listlessness which repelled all sympathy, and seemed to constitute a kind of mask behind which the real man hid himself.

Diana looked at him, and remembered her parting from him in the chill gray morning on the platform at Forêtdechêne. He had let her go out alone into the dreary world to encounter what fate she might, without any more appearance of anxiety than he might have exhibited had she been starting for a summer-day's holiday; and now, after a year of separation, he met her with the same air of unconcern, and could discourse conventional small-talk to another woman while she walked by his side.

While Mr. Hawkehurst was talking to Mr. Sheldon's step-daughter, Captain Paget had contrived to make himself very agreeable to that gentleman himself. Lord Lytton has said that "there is something strange, and almost mesmerical in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they understand each other by instant sympathy." However this might be with these two men, they had speedily become upon very easy terms with each other. Mr. Sheldon's plans for the making of money were very complicated in their nature, and he had frequent need of clever instruments to assist in the carrying out of his arrangements. Horatio Paget was the exact type of man most likely to be useful to such a speculator as Philip Sheldon. He was the very ideal of the "Promoter," the well-dressed, well-mannered gentleman beneath whose magic wand new companies arise as if by magic; the man who, without a sixpence in his own pocket, can set a small Pactolus flowing from the pockets of other people; the man who, content himself to live in a humble second-floor at Chelsea, can point to gigantic hotels which are as the palaces of a monarch of Brobdignag, and say, "Lo, those arose at my bidding!" Mr. Sheldon was always on the alert to discover any thing or any body likely to serve his own interest, either in the present or the future; and he came to the conclusion that Miss Paget's father was a person upon whom an occasional dinner might not be altogether thrown away.

"Take a chop with us to-morrow at six," he said, on parting from the Captain, "and then you can hear the two girls play and sing. They play remarkably well, I believe, from what other people tell me; but I am not a musical man myself."

Horatio Paget accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given. It is astonishing how genial and friendly these men of the world can be at the slightest imaginable notice. One can fancy the striped tigers of Bengal shaking paws in the jungle, the vultures hobnobbing in a mountain cleft over the torn carcass of a stag, the kites putting their beaks together after dining on a nest of innocent doves.

"Then we shall expect to see you at sharp six," said Mr. Sheldon, "and your young friend Mr. Hawkehurst with you, of course."

After this the two gentlemen departed; Valentine shook hands with Diana, and took a more ceremonious leave of Charlotte. George Sheldon threw away his chewed geranium-stalk in order to bid good-evening to the visitors; and the little party walked to the garden-gate together.

"That Sheldon seems a very clever fellow," said Captain Paget, as he and Valentine walked toward the Park, which they had to cross on their way to Chelsea, where the Captain had secured a convenient lodging. "I wonder whether he is any relation to the Sheldon who is in with a low set of money-lenders?"

"What, the Sheldon of Gray's Inn?" exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst. "We can easily find that out."

Horatio Paget and Valentine Hawkehurst were frequent visitors at the Lawn after that first evening. Mr. Sheldon found the Captain useful to him in the carrying out of certain business arrangements on more than one occasion, and the relations between the respectable stock-broker and the disreputable adventurer assumed a very friendly character. Diana wondered to see so spotless a citizen as Philip Sheldon hand-and-glove with her father. Mrs. Sheldon and Charlotte were delighted with the Captain and his protégé; these two penniless Bohemians were so much more agreeable to the feminine mind than the City men who were wont to sit in the dining-room slowly imbibing Mr. Sheldon's old port in the long summer evenings, while their wives endured the abomination of desolation with Georgy and Charlotte in the drawing-room. Captain Paget paid Mrs. Sheldon flowery compliments, and told her delightful stories of the aristocracy and all that shining West End world with which he had once been familiar. Poor simple Georgy regarded him with that reverential awe which a middle-class country-bred woman is prone to feel for a man who bears upon him that ineffaceable stamp of high birth and good-breeding, not to be destroyed by half a century of degradation. Nor could Charlotte withhold her admiration from the man whose tone was so infinitely superior to that of all the other men she had encountered. In his darkest hour Captain Paget had found his best friends, or his easiest dupes, among women. It had gone hard with him when his dear friend had withheld the temporary accommodation of a five-pound note; but it had been much harder when his friend's wife had refused the loan of "a little silver."

Valentine Hawkehurst came very often to the Lawn; sometimes with his friend and patron, sometimes alone. He brought the young ladies small offerings in the way of a popular French novel fit for feminine perusal, or an occasional box for some theatre which had fallen upon evil days, and was liberal in the circulation of "paper." He met the two girls sometimes in their

morning walks in Kensington Gardens, and walked with them in the leafy avenues, and only left them at the gate by which they departed. So much of his life was a listless waiting for the arising of new chances, that he had ample time to waste in feminine society, and he seemed very well inclined to loiter away the leisure hours of existence in the companionship of Diana and her friend.

And was Miss Paget glad of his coming, and pleased to be in his company? Alas, no! The time had been, and only within a few months, when she had sickened for the sight of his familiar face, and fancied that the most exquisite happiness life could afford her would be to see him once more, any where, under any circumstances. She saw him now almost daily, and she was miserable. She saw him; but another woman had come between her and the man she loved; and now, if his voice took a softer tone, or if his eyes assumed a tender earnestness of expression, it might be Charlotte's influence which wrought the transformation. Who could say that it was not on Charlotte's account he came so often, and lingered so long? Diana looked at him sometimes with haggard, angry eyes, which saw that it was Miss Halliday who absorbed his attention. It was Charlotte—Charlotte, who was so bright and happy a creature that the coldest heart must needs have been moved and melted by her fascination. What was the cold Patrician beauty of Miss Paget's face when compared with the changeful charm of this radiant girl, with the flashing gray eyes and piquant features, and all those artless caprices of manner which made her arch-loveliness irresistible? Diana's heart grew sick and cold as she watched these two day by day, and saw the innocent school-girl's ascendency over the adventurer. The attributes which made Charlotte charming were just those very attributes which Valentine Hawkehurst had been least accustomed to discover in the womankind he had hitherto encountered. He had seen beautiful women, elegant and fascinating women, without number; but this frank girlish nature, this happy childlike disposition, was entirely new to him. How should he have met bright childlike creatures in the pathways which he had trodden? For the first time in his life a fresh young heart revealed its treasures of purity and tenderness before his world-weary eyes, and his own heart was melted by the new influence. He had admired Diana; he had been touched by her girlish fancy for him, and had loved her as well as he had believed himself capable of loving any woman. But when Prudence and Honor counseled him to stifle and crush his growing affection for the beautiful companion of his wanderings the struggle had involved no agony of regret or despair. He had told himself that no good could ever come of his love for Captain Paget's daughter, and he had put aside that love before it had taken any vital root in his heart. He had been very strong and resolute in this matter — resisting looks of sad surprise which would have melted a softer nature. And he had been proud of his own firmness. "Better for her, and better for me," he had said to himself; "let her outlive her foolish school-girl fancies, and wait patiently till her beauty wins her a rich husband. As for me, I must marry some prosperous tradesman's widow, if I ever marry at all."

The influence of the world in which his life had been spent had degraded Valentine Hawkehurst, and had done much to harden him; and yet he was not altogether hard. He discovered his own weakness very soon after the beginning of his acquaintance with Mr. Sheldon's step-daughter. He knew very well that if he had been no fitting lover for Diana Paget, he was still less a fitting lover for Charlotte Halliday. He knew that although it might suit Mr. Sheldon's purpose to make use of the Captain and himself as handy instruments for the accomplishment of somewhat dirty work, he would be the very last man to accept one of those useful instruments as a husband for his step-daughter. He knew all this; and knew that, apart from all worldly considerations, there was an impassable gulf between himself and Charlotte. What could there be in common between the unprincipled companion of Horatio Paget and this innocent girl, whose darkest sin had been a neglected lesson or an ill-written exercise? If he could have given her a home and a position, an untarnished name and respectable associations, he would even yet have been unworthy of her affection, unable to assure her happiness.

"I am a scoundrel and an adventurer," he said to himself in his most contemptuous spirit. "If some benevolent fairy were to give me the brightest home that was ever created for man, and Charlotte for my wife, I dare say I should grow tired of my happiness in a week or two, and go out some night to look for a place where I could play billiards and drink beer. Is there any woman upon this earth who could render my existence supportable *without* billiards and beer?"

Knowing himself much better than the Grecian philosopher seemed to think it possible for human nature to know itself, Mr. Hawkehurst decided that it was his bounden duty, both for his own sake and that of the young lady in question, to keep clear of the house in which Miss Halliday lived, and the avenue in which she was wont to walk. He told himself this a dozen times a day, and yet he made his appearance at the Lawn whenever he had the poorest shadow of an excuse for going there; and it seemed as if the whole business of his life lay at the two ends of Charlotte's favorite avenue, so often did he find himself called upon to preambulate that especial thoroughfare. He knew that he was weak and foolish and dishonorable; he knew that he was sowing the dragon's teeth from which were to spring up armed demons that would rend and tear him. But Charlotte's eyes were unspeakably bright and bewitching, and Charlotte's voice was very sweet and tender. A thrilling consciousness that he was not altogether an indifferent person in Charlotte's consideration had possessed him of late when he found himself in that young lady's society, and a happiness which had hitherto been strange to him gave a new zest to his purposeless life.

He still affected the old indifference of manner, the idle, listless tone of a being who has finished with all the joys and sorrows, affections and aspirations of the world in which he lives. But the pretense had of late become a very shallow one. In Charlotte's presence he was eager and interested in spite of himself; childishly eager about the veriest trifles which interested her. Love had taken up the glass of Time; and the days and hours were reckoned by a new standard; every thing in the world had suffered some wondrous change, which Valentine Hawkehurst tried in vain to understand. The very earth upon which he walked had undergone some mystic process of transformation; the very streets of London were new to him. He had known Kensington Gardens from his boyhood; but not those enchanted avenues of beech and elm in which he walked with Charlotte. In the plainest and most commonplace phraseology, Mr. Hawkehurst had fallen in love. This penniless adventurer, who at eight-and-twenty years of age was steeped to the lips in the worst experiences of a very indifferent world, found himself all at once hanging upon the words and living upon the looks of an ignorant school-girl.

The discovery that he was capable of this tender weakness had an almost overwhelming effect upon Mr. Hawkehurst. He was ashamed of this touch of humanity; this foolish affection, which had awakened all that was purest and best in a nature that had been so long abandoned to degrading influences. For some time he fought resolutely against that which he considered his folly; but the training which had made him the master of many a perplexing position had not given him the mastery over his own inclinations; and when he found that Charlotte's society had become the grand necessity of his life, he abandoned himself to his fate without further resistance. He let himself drift with the tide that was so much stronger than himself; and if there were breakers ahead, or fatal rocks lurking invisible beneath the blue waters, he must take his chance. His frail bark must go to pieces when her time came. In the mean while it was so delicious to float upon the summer sea, that a man could afford to forget future possibilities in the way of rocks and quicksands.

Miss Paget had known very few pleasures in the course of her uncared-for youth; but she hitherto had experienced no such anguish as that which she had now to endure in her daily intercourse with Valentine and Charlotte. She underwent her martyrdom bravely, and no prying eye discovered the sufferings which her proud nature supported in silence. "Who takes any heed of my feelings, or cares whether I am glad or sorry?" she thought; "*he* does not."

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8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

SANDY CREEK, OSWEGO COUNTY, N. Y., *January* 7, 1867.

GENTLEMEN,—The tea you sent me gives good satisfaction.

Inclosed find club order from another neighborhood, the which please send as per order, and collect on delivery. There is much prejudice, I find, existing in some localities in regard to your teas, created by the merchants, who say it is a great humbug, &c., &c. But I think, after an examination and trial, the people will decide for themselves, and buy their teas where they can buy cheapest. Yours, J. CLARK.

No. of lbs.	Kind.	Names.	Price per lb.	Amount.
1	Young Hyson (Green)	A. Doanberg	$1 25	$1 25
1	Gunpowder (Green)	S. Blodget	1 50	1 50
2	Young Hyson (Green)	S. Blodget	1 25	2 50
1	Imperial (Green)	S. Blodget	1 25	1 25
1	Japan (Uncolored)	S. Blodget	1 25	1 25
1	Young Hyson (Green)	J. Fink	1 25	1 25
1	Gunpowder (Green)	J. Fink	1 25	1 25
2	Gunpowder (Green)	P. H. Powers	1 50	3 00
2	Young Hyson (Green)	P. H. Powers	1 25	2 50
1	Japan (Uncolored)	P. H. Powers	1 25	1 25
1	English Breakfast (Black)	Mrs. H. Dingman	1 20	1 20
1	Young Hyson (Green)	Mrs. H. Dingman	1 25	1 25
1	Coffee	Mrs. H. Dingman	30	30
1	Coffee	G. Stevens	40	40
2	Coffee	G. Stevens	30	60
3	Coffee	A. B. Stevens	30	90
2	Japan (Uncolored)	J. Powers	1 25	2 50
2	Young Hyson (Green)	J. Powers	1 25	2 50
1	Imperial (Green)	C. Alton	1 00	1 00
1	Young Hyson (Green)	C. Alton	1 10	1 10
1	Coffee	C. Alton	25	25
1	Oolong (Black)	F. Smith	80	80
½	Japan (Uncolored)	L. Baldwin	1 10	55
½	English Breakfast (Black)	L. Baldwin	1 10	55
5	Young Hyson (Green)	D. Clark	60	3 00
1	Japan (Uncolored)	H. A. Clark	1 10	1 10
¼	English Breakfast	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼	Young Hyson (Green)	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼	Imperial (Green)	Geo. Hubbs	70	18
¼	Gunpowder (Green)	Geo. Hubbs	1 25	32
38				$35 86

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special attention to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to July, 1865, and a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Fifth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline, or a skeleton tour through the different cities and places of interest in Europe and the East; the names of the principal Works of Art by the leading masters in all the galleries; the fees expected by the different custodians; the names and charges of the principal hotels; the cost of travelling the different routes and the time employed; all the items in reference to the transportation of luggage, and the innumerable small charges which tend to swell the account of travelling expenses; so that travellers may not only be able to travel without a courier, saving thereby twenty-five per cent. of their expenses, but may avoid the purchase of some twenty-five volumes of Guide-Books, at an expense of nearly $100, in addition to the charges upon their weight. Those *who have been* in Europe and those *who can not go* to Europe will both find in this work a fund of entertainment; the first to read up and remember what they *have* seen, and the second what they *ought* to have seen.

From T. B. LAWRENCE, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

"From having travelled somewhat extensively in former years in Europe and the East, I can say with entire truth that you have succeeded in combining more that is instructive and valuable for the traveller than is contained in any one or series of hand-books that I have ever met with."

It gives the best routes of travel, names the places of interest, tells how much money certain trips cost, and furnishes the traveller with all the necessary advice and full information for a trip to any or all parts of the Old World. Mr. Fetridge, the author, makes it his especial business and study to have the Guide correct. We do not see how a person crossing the Atlantic can afford to do without it.—*Home Journal.*

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DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

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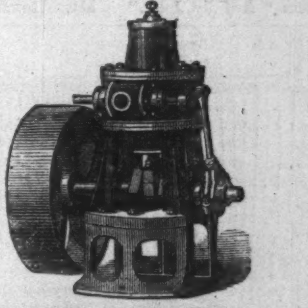

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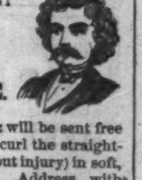

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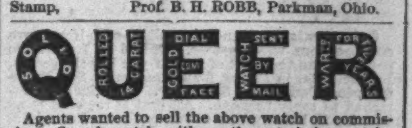

Agents wanted to sell the above watch on commission. Sample watch, with gent's vest chain, sent by mail securely packed for $3 50. S. C. BENNETT & CO., 163 Bleecker Street, New York.

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